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[VOL. I.

ON THE POETRY OF THE PRESENT DAY.

From the European Magazine.

*"Corvos poetas, et poetridas picas
Cantare credas Pegaseium melos."*

PERSEUS.

WE have been told it as the expression of a lady, after reading a late effusion of a certain noble Poet on a domestic occurrence, that if the appeal had been made to her, she could not have forborne flying into his arms: and certainly the warm and unconstrained feelings with which his lordship's verses abound, will justify us in supposing this sentiment to be pretty generally extended. Mr. Scott, whenever he chooses to send a poem into the world, can depend upon a rapid and wide circulation of it, for indeed it must be read: every one asks his neighbour if he has seen the new poem; though this can scarcely be called a distinction, for the palm is divided with, I may almost say, every novelist of the day; and to judge from the continued torrents the press pours out, every minor rhymester has his share of bays.

When an author is read and applauded by every body, his fame seems to have the most sure foundation, and it is like the portent of an earthquake to question it, or try its solidity. And yet a curious speculator may find some exercise for his ingenuity in inquiring into the poetical taste of the present day; and if the subject were well followed, it might not, perhaps, prove a superfluous examination.

There is no need to go far back to enter upon this inquiry. The Ancients is a term so familiar, as to imply every thing of character and persons; and those authors, as they are the originals and models of the literature now so universally diffused, are enshrined in the perfection of their different characters, and without descanting upon them, we have only to look towards them, and ask why and how we have departed from their examples. Fabius and Scipio were inflamed with the desire of glory from beholding the images of their ancestors; and the commencement of modern literature was by copying the writers of the classic ages. The consciousness of mind inspires every man with the lust of being distinguished, and emulation is its first impulse. The fire of poetry was long kindled on the altars that had outlived the ruin of many ages; and that this was not a superstitious reverence, we have sufficient proof, from its having been observed by the best of the later poets. But learning, even in later times was still confined; and it has been progressively, and during a comparative dearth of the exalted genius of Poetry, that it has spread itself over this country. The competition for fame has naturally followed its course; and the cloud of candidates who found in the path of classical taste and beauty the vestiges of those who had preceded

them, who tread it seldom, but whose marks are indelible, started from it to trace a road for themselves in the wildness and exuberance of their own imagination. On the revival of letters in Italy, some of the learned men laboured to re-establish the taste for poetry, by compositions which were rigid but servile copies of the ancient poets; they followed them strictly in the metre and rules of composition; but in this attention they lost sight entirely of their spirit and beauty. Genius was rising in the nation, and was disgusted with the insipid imitation. To this disgust we owe the delightful and romantic wanderings of Ariosto. But it is only an illustrious spirit that can assume originality with success, and we have not an Ariosto now. Since the pursuit of letters became general among us, there have been many examples of failure in imitation; but I am afraid our deviations are not more successful. The permanent reputation of our authors has not risen since booksellers sunk from scholars to tradesmen. When every one reads something, and even a partial approval insures a momentary circulation for a work, publication becomes a traffic, and, as Puff says, in the Critic, "the surest recommendation of a book is, that every body reads it, and that nobody ought to read it." This is not to be understood as general; but I believe the same cause that gives our modern poets their easy careless style, provides them with readers; the author pours out a rhapsody of vulgar images in jingling metre; and while he runs on in a strain of commonplace phrases, imagines that his course is urged by the *divinæ particulam auræ*, and mistakes a rhyming knack and slovenly expression for the force of genius and the impulse of inspiration; while with his reader, what is understood without effort and read without trouble often imposes itself as the production of taste and skill. The greater part of society who make pretensions to literary knowledge, have naturally but a small share of it, and they are perfectly content to let their imaginations be caught with the tinsel of improbable inventions and false colouring, provided their judgment is not engaged in the developement: and

gratitude renders them the admirers of the author who does not impose on them the task of perusing his works with cautiousness and attention. No one in the present day can live in society without some degree of learning; but society itself is an obstacle to a depth of learning; and most people seek improvement merely for the sake of mixing with others, and only read to talk. The classical taste of this major part, therefore, cannot be correctly formed, and they are willing to give the character of genuine poetry to the wildest and most unformed effusion, which dazzles and surprises them at the first view, rather than offend their self love by examining it more closely, and by discovering its imperfections be compelled to acknowledge the infirmity of their own judgment, and the error of their taste. The poet, of course, takes advantage of this indulgence, and gives himself credit for the talents that the public are too indolent to dispute with him. From abuse springs still greater licence; and hence we are overwhelmed by monsters and fictions which have neither elegance nor moral to support their mass, and which are presented in all the irregularity and ruggedness of diction that the inventor finds convenient; who cannot be expected to give himself more pains than are demanded from him. Unity and perfection of action are found in the barren plot, which is developed the moment it is entered upon; and as if *Μεγέθος* meant a prodigy, vast and unnatural conceptions are substituted for grandeur and sublimity. Nature is certainly the same she was when the first poets followed and described her; but those who think it necessary to look beyond her for their subject, are led rather by their ignorance of her magnitude than by a failing in her abundance: the accidents and revolutions of the world, the objects of notice and inquiry, every circumstance that roused or soothed the earliest genius, are still supplied from a constant source; and if we do not find them seized and amplified with the vigour and graces which Nature only can give, it is because she is more sparing in bestowing genius than matter for the exercise of it.

It must be this consciousness that has

turned to so extraordinary a style the labours of our present race of poets, and to which they owe that class of admirers who are as incapable enjoying the majesty of sublime composition as they are themselves of displaying it. The voice of the majority gives a temporary bias to public opinion, and every age has had its peculiar style of poetry; but the

poets of those ages have died away and are forgotten, and they have left the few who will always live while taste remains, however it may swerve occasionally, and whose lasting reputation gives the severest reproof to the levity of false taste, and shews most clearly the ridicule and vanity of exulting in the ephemeral glare of present popularity. *March 1817.*

From the Monthly Magazine.

FRENCH PECULIARITIES.

ACTIVITY OF THE WOMEN.

AT the hotel or inn where you arrive you may find the husband in the habit of going to market, and of keeping the books; but all other business, such as receiving the travellers, adjusting the bills, superintending the servants, male and female, falls under the province of *Madame*. Again, if you go to an upholsterer's to buy a few articles of furniture, you may observe the husband superintending his workmen in the back shop or yard, but leaving it to his fair partner to treat with customers, to manage all cash receipts and payments, and, in many cases, to fix on the articles to be purchased out of doors. The mercer's wife does not limit her services to the counter, or to the mechanical tasks of retailing and measuring--you see her at one time standing beside the desk, and giving directions to the clerks; at another you hear of her being absent on a journey to the manufacturing towns, and are desired to suspend your purchases, not till her return, which would be remote, but for the few days necessary to let her send home some marks of her progress, '*car madame nous fait ses envois à mesure qu'elle fait ses achats.*' In short, women in France are expected not only to lend an assisting hand to their husbands in business, but to take a lead in the management, to keep the correspondence, to calculate the rate of prices, and to do a number of things that imply not merely fidelity and vigilance, but the habit of deciding and acting by herself in the most important departments of the concern. We need hardly add, that they are abundantly zealous in points so nearly connected with the welfare of their families, and

that the extent of assistance thus afforded to the husband far exceeds any idea that can be formed by those who have not resided in France. But all advantages have their drawbacks, and this assistance is not afforded without several important sacrifices, among which we are to reckon the almost universal neglect of neatness in the interior of the house, and the more serious charge of inattention to the health of their children. The greater proportion of the latter are separated from their mothers at the time when parental tenderness is most wanted, and entrusted to country nurses, who are frequently very deficient in the means of preserving their health, or providing for their comfort.

If we look to the higher circles, we shall find every where examples of similar activity and address. Your readers may have fresh in their minds the multiplied letters and applications of *Madame Ney*, and the more fortunate exploit of *Madame Lavalette*. They will not have forgotten the courageous stand made by the *Duchess of Angoulême* at *Bordeaux*, in *March 1815*, and her repeated addresses to the troops of the garrison.

MORALS.

This is a very delicate topic, and one on which I take the liberty to differ from a great number of our countrymen. In nothing does the exaggerating propensity of the French appear more conspicuous than in the tale of scandal; not that such tales are particularly frequent in this country, but, because, when they do come forth, they are arrayed in a garb that would hardly ever enter into the imagination of any of our country-

women. On our side of the Channel a rumour, whether among the fair or the mercenary part of the public, generally has probability in some degree, for its foundation; but in France all you require is the direct allegation, the confident assertion. Nobody thinks of scrutinizing your evidence, and you are in no danger of being afterwards reminded of your fallacy, in a country where almost every thing was absorbed in the thirst of novelty. A lady in France, who may happen to have a quarrel, or who may give rise to a hostile feeling by her vanity or affectation, is not, as with us, merely satirised for the eccentricity of her dress or manner, but is doomed forthwith to encounter the most vehement attacks on her reputation. Lovers are immediately found out for her, and the circumstances of assignations are recapitulated with as much precision as if the parties had been present at the forbidden interview; if she has eclipsed her rivals at a ball, or received the marked attentions of a leading personage, the unkindly rumor will fly from mouth to mouth, without exciting, among at least nine-tenths of the public, the least doubt of its reality. It lasts, indeed, only for a few weeks, until some other female becomes equally the object of jealousy, and is made to furnish materials for a fresh series of wondrous anecdotes.

A residence of several years in a provincial town of considerable size and of much genteel society, has satisfied me that nine-tenths of the tales circulated against particular individuals are unfounded, and were never meant by the inventors to produce any thing beyond a temporary discredit to the obnoxious party. Common sense tells us, that, in every civilized country, a woman will look for her happiness in the affection of her husband, and in the esteem of the respectable part of her sex; nor can France be accounted an exception, unless it can be shewn that, by some strange peculiarity, the men in that country are indifferent to the chastity of their wives and daughters, or the women callous to every thing in the shape of vice. Gallantry is the vice of an idle man; it is characteristic of the higher ranks in France, in the same manner, and perhaps

in a somewhat higher degree than in other countries; but how small is the proportion of these idlers to the great mass of the population! The middling and the lower ranks follow the same habits of industry as with us; a married couple can find a maintenance for their family only by a cordial support of each other; and the time of the husband is occupied to a degree that leaves him very little leisure for planning projects on his neighbour's wife.

There is, however, a very marked distinction in the degree of reprobation affixed by French and English ladies to individuals of their sex, labouring under unfavourable imputations. While, with us, the exclusion from society takes place on a general scale, in France it is only partial, owing not (as the wags will argue) to a community of impropriety on the part of those who still continue their countenance; but to a facility of temper, a wish to view things on the favourable side, a credulity in listening to the vindication of the accused party, a partiality to whoever courts protection; in short, to a variety of causes that do more honour to the heart than the head.

Parents in France are very scrupulous in regard to their daughters, and make a rule of not allowing them to go into company or to places of amusement without the protection of a relation or friend, whose age or character will prevent any loose conversation from the young or giddy part of the other sex. This, to be sure, is paying but a bad compliment to the male part of the society; but it gives an English family residing in France an assurance, that their daughters may go without hazard into female society, particularly of an age corresponding to their own. Music, drawing, and dancing, form in that country, as with us, the genteel occupation of unmarried ladies.

Paris.—There is a material difference between the French of Paris and the provincial towns, so that the favourable part of my picture is to be understood as applicable chiefly to the latter. Paris has always been the residence of an extraordinary number of *oisifs*, whether officers, *noblesse*, or others, who have

just money enough to pay their way from day to day; and who, without being absolute adventurers, are perpetually falling into all the exceptionable habits of the inexperienced and idle. A Frenchman is the creature of habit, he has no fixed principles, and follows, with all imaginable pliancy, the example or solicitation of those with whom he happens to be connected for the moment. Such a flexibility of character must inevitably pave the way to a variety of irregularities, and eventually to vices; time is wasted at theatres, at shows, or at the more dangerous occupation of the gaming-table: and, although the habitual exaggeration of the French leads them (when speaking of the vices of the metropolis,) to exhibit a very *outré* picture, particularly in what relates to the fair sex, there can remain no doubt that Paris is a place to be avoided, and that it is the scene where, of all others, the national character of the French appears to the greatest disadvantage.

FRENCH HOTEL.

The kitchen of a French inn is so frequently placed in the front part of the house, that the chance is very much in favour of its being the first room into which the stranger is shewn; and here M. Anglais receives the respects of Madame, the mistress of the hotel; not of her husband, whose pleasures and pursuits seem to be confined to sauntering about and taking snuff in the morning, presiding at the table d'hôte, and in the evening playing back-gammon or picquet with the cook. While congratulations on safe arrival and other compliments are passing, the stranger has a glance of the interior of this important department. The principal cook, in his white cap and apron, is busily employed in looking into, stirring, and tasting the contents of at least a score of copper stew-pans, ranged in due order on a long stove; and which, in the midst of their hissing and frying, send up one of those compound savoury smells that go to remind me of Smollett's "feast after the manner of the ancients." As the roast is probably more to his taste, he sees with no small

satisfaction a fine turkey, and three or four excellent fowls, revolving before a brisk wood-fire. But he must remove from this hot stewing bustling scene to attend "*Leonore*," the *fille de chambre*, who by this time steps forward with vivacious countenance, dainty white cap, black sparkling eyes, and hoop ear-rings, as large as a half-crown, and kindly offers to conduct M. Anglais, "*enhaut*," whither he proceeds, by a staircase, quite as dirty as the street, "to make himself comfortable."

In the French chamber there is more decidedly an appearance, at least, of a want of what is so well understood by us in the word, *comfort*:—no ponderous mahogany four-post bed takes its station in the principal part of the chamber—no warm curtains hung by rings, on a rod; the sound of which, when closed upon the tired traveller, is so grateful to his ears; but a couch-like, or sofa-looking, bed, wheeled up with its side to the wall, and not unfrequently in a recess, with doors to close and exclude it altogether from view, as an unimportant piece of furniture. The curtains, pending, tent like, from an ornamented point, are capable of more tasteful arrangement than those in the square solid English form, and much space is obviously gained by this compact disposition of the beds. No carpeting, not even by the bed-side; the linen frequently damp! The floors, in the best houses, of dry-rubbed wainscot, laid in various diamond forms, but very commonly paved with octagonal red tiles, even to the garrets; and, to increase the chilly appearance of things, the set of drawers and tables are covered with the almost universal marble slab—a shallow oval wash-hand basin, with a tall jug in it, resembling the one with which the stork in the fable entertained the fox—a large, thin, damp napkin—a small morsel of "*veritable Windsor*"—a few stained rush-bottom chairs—a couple of easy ones, stuffed, caned, and covered with crimson velvet—and several magnificent mirrors, reflecting the elegant landscape paper-hangings, about complete the furniture of a bettermost French chamber.

February 1817.

From the European Magazine.

LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.

* * * * *

ANOTHER awful pause was broken by our scheming Brother's exclamations. "Eurekas, I have found it!—Never had Archimedes himself greater reason to rejoice in a discovery! In this portfolio is a piece of oriental music, in which every sound is expressed by a corresponding image, and every concord or discord in it forms a picturesque groupe. Let us borrow the old Brahmin's idea, and obtain a patent for publishing sonatas in the shape of landscapes. A purling stream might indicate a succession of soft notes; a forest thick with innumerable leaves would represent the difficulties of a fine chromatic passage; and a full thundercloud behind might express the sublime burst of sound usual at a grand finale."

"Certainly," said Clanharold, "the sister arts of music and painting might be beautifully blended by associating lovely forms with ideas of melody; but this specimen of ancient Hindoo harmony seems to suggest an improvement on Lavater's system. Might you not obtain a more profitable patent by devising a gamut of human faces expressing the gradations of intellect and beauty?"

"Many thanks for the hint, Brother Poet. And as bass and treble notes admirably shew the contrast between the shrill sounds of female eloquence and the growlings of deep masculine wisdom, we might contrive an instructive example of the concords and discords resulting from both united. For this purpose, I have already sketched a gamut of faces exhibiting the seven stages of spleen, as displayed in our own fraternity, with an accompaniment composed of seven female heads whose scornful beauty affords a tolerable excuse for us."

We all gathered round this whimsical caricature—"These fair heads," continued Philowhim, "which I have placed according to nature, an octave lower in the scale than ours, are borrowed from a certain institution established by seven wealthy spinsters. They reside in a romantic seclusion, admit no strangers,

and amuse themselves with collecting all the legends left in favour of their sex by historians of seven nations. But as the compilation of so many female heads required adjusting, they inquired for a confidential amanuensis to transcribe it. I was a candidate for the task, and had the felicity of a moment's glance at seven heads worth a thousand pounds to Drs. Gall and Spurzheim."

"Pray," said Sir Pertinax, surveying them through his eye-glass, "is the office of secretary vacant now?"

"O most probably. King Boleslaus, who employed a hundred clerks, or Cardinal Dubois, who hired one merely to scold at, never gave an amanuensis more trouble. In addition to my task of transcribing seven legends of female virtue, I was employed in copying sonnets, making extracts from lectures on conchology, craniology, and pathology, and composing paragraphs for the scandalous chronicle. In my haste and confusion, I communicated a recipe for the best noyau to the Antiquarian Society, instead of a dissertation on a petrified owl found by one of the sisterhood; and sent an order for a bottle of patent Parisian cream in an envelope designed for a sentimental ode. My dismissal followed, and I came here, like other ex-secretaries, to reveal the secrets of my office."

"I have heard such institutions proposed," said Dr. Beauclerc, "as fit and desirable asylums, but have fearful doubts of their utility. Mineral poisons may lose their inveteracy by mingling, but those of the moral world grow more malignant when collected. Imagine a society of females infected with vain and dissatisfied self-love, consequently with envy, ambition, and uncharitableness! Imagine how each would consume her talents in frivolous devices, and blight her associates by spleen and calumny! Such a female circle would form a place of torture beyond all that tyranny ever devised—a torture too various to be described, and too ridiculous to be pitied."

"Very true!" sighed forth our poetic

Clanharold—"flowers perfume the air if unconfined, but poison it if covered in a close jar."

"Your axiom may be elegant," interposed the Cynic, "but it is not true. Flowers may dephlogisticate the air, as you say, in a close jar; but they never purify it any where. It has been proved by Ingenhouz and others, that the stem and leaves, not the flowers, of plants have power to improve our atmosphere."

"Allow me," said I, "to pursue your thought. If there is any resemblance between the beauties of animal and vegetable nature, it is not the gaudy, variable, and fading decorations of modern females which sweeten social life, but the soft and steady virtue that gives support and diffuses balm like the leaves and stem of an aromatic plant.—Let us carry the analogy still farther. As flowers diffuse a malignant air only in the absence of the sun, I conceive that the florid talents of women, which you suppose mere poisoners of existence, require always the correcting influence of a kind and benevolent spirit. Such a principle fixed in their own minds, would render their ornaments both innocent and lovely, as the presence of light gives colouring and health to vegetables."

"How tenderly expressed!" retorted my opponent with a glance of malice; "but I am not quite convinced that the globules of light have any share in colours: nor is a lady's character always so flowery as it seems. Many a traveller has found nothing but senna and coliquintida where he expected poppies and -----"

"A truce," said our eldest Brother, "to this contest between science and imagination. Let us all remember that wit owes its attraction to good-nature, as the violent ray of the sun gives magnetic power to the needle. But as we enjoy without understanding the principle of light, I choose rather to admire than to define the genius of woman. I look on the female mind as I look upon the sea. Without presuming to explain, I know the noble and necessary element which composes it; but I also see its fluctuation, its insolidity, its uncertain and often violent motion. Therefore, though ma-

ny encounter it with safety and success, I am content to walk at a sure distance on the shore."

"Brothers," said Councillor Lumiere, very gravely, "though corporations may legally and necessarily employ a secretary or prolocutor, I know not whether a community of spinsters can be considered in the eye of the law, and according to its statutes, a real and effective corporation. For it requires, 1st, lawful authority; 2dly, proper persons; 3dly, a name and place fitting thereunto; and, finally, it must be an assembly whereof one is head or chief. Now it is evident that females cannot exercise lawful authority, inasmuch as, though a woman may be a sexton herself, or vote in the election of one (*vide* Strange, 1114,) the law allows her no other office, wisely intimating that her chief concern and pleasure is to bury her husband; or, as one of the sex expresses it—"to plague him first and bury him afterwards." Nor can a community of spinsters ever elect a chief, as it is their profession to be uncontrouled, and each a sovereign of herself. Nor is the name of Tabby appropriate or fitting, being derived from a tame domestic animal no way similar to a feme sole, quoad spinster. But if these points should not be litigated, and this institution can maintain itself, I will venture to offer my aid, being experienced in all the forms of law:—which forms are necessary (saith Hobbes, 232,) or the law would be no art. But as spinsters ought to be named *generosa* (see Dyer, 46 and 88,) I shall expect a retaining fee, and believe their verdict would be *non obstante*."

"Brother Hermits," exclaimed Sir Pertinax, after a long yawn—"are we not debating like the philosophers who reasoned on the golden tooth? Before we dispute about this female institution, we should be very certain that it exists. Let us choose one of our fraternity by ballot, and send him to ascertain the fact:—if he can obtain a view of these rich recluses by offering himself as amanuensis, we will all assist him in transcribing their miraculous legends, provided he supplies us with a copy of their rent-rolls."—Every voice gave assent—the balloting-glasses were prepar-

ed, and my name drawn forth. Our speculating buffoon, Philowhim, gave my hand an honest shake of congratulation. "But be not too sanguine," he added, "in your hopes of obtaining a clue to the bower. If you can find credentials enough to recommend you to the office of copyist, you may possibly be entrusted with the precious manuscripts, but not with a glance at the seven heiresses. Remember your duty to us, however; and as a member of the Tale-telling Club, or Brotherhood of Bioscribes, endeavour to furnish us with a new romance, at least."

"Fear nothing," was my answer—"We once called ourselves the Euno-mian Society, because we intended to seek the law of happiness: and as we borrowed our name from Hesiod's loveliest female personage, we may find teachers of happiness among women."

* * * * *

And now imagine me, like a second Baron of Triermain, in quest of a most perilous adventure. Having passed under the arch of a giant-rock which forms the colossal portcullis of Dovedale, I followed the narrow path hewn on the edge of a chasm whose sides are clothed by the arbutus and mountain ash, and whose depth would seem unfathomable if the glistening of the Dove did not betray its channel. The alpine bridge which hangs over this chasm brought me to the threshold of Willow Hall. But there the alpine scenery disappeared; a screen of interwoven oaks concealed it,

and I saw only a sunny slope, regular enough for a *bal champêtre*, and bordered by the river which spreads itself there into a clear and broad mirror. Forest trees complete the amphitheatre: and the village spire, the smoke of a few cottages, and the outline of a grey mountain, were just visible beyond. I leave you to fancy it with the rich gold and purple colouring bestowed on the superb pavillion of rocks by the setting sun. "This might be the home of happiness!" said my imagination when I looked round. Do not smile, sagacious Editor, for this is my first thought in whatever place I enter. And why should we not view every habitation with a wish to think it pleasant? There is a reserved and feminine spirit in happiness which will not be won unsought.—When the portress had opened the iron gates of Willow Hall, I found myself in an ancient parlour, where the sun shining through an ample damask drapery, reminded me of a kind heart seen through a glowing face, and gave a charming *couleur-de-rose* to the assembly. In a chair of state sat the foundress of the institution, surrounded by her sisterhood. Had I been a pupil of the Great Henery's first tutor, *Le Gaucherie*, I could not have presented my credentials with less grace; but they were successful. The historian of the hermits became the spinsters' chronicle; and if they are deserving credit, they may claim a place in the same pages. V.

March, 1817.

To be continued.

PRINCE MALCOLM.

A POEM, IN FIVE CANTOS. BY JOHN DODDRIDGE HUMPHREYS, JUN.

From the European Magazine.

THERE is a dreadful fascination in the subject of this Poem, which is calculated to give it interest with every class of readers: and for that sensation we are indebted to Shakspeare, who calls our attention to the Prince at a moment when he must be less than a man that could pass over his situation without feelings of horror, compassion, and dread for his future escape from the merciless fangs of his father's murderer and the usurper of his own throne. At this pe-

riod the author takes Malcolm under his poetical protection, and in due time he conducts the Prince to the exalted situation fate had ordained for him. The notes subjoined require consultation, therefore we analyse them for the use of our readers. It will be observed we speak in the person of Mr. H. who thinks it would appear at first sight that Malcolm must have suspected Macbeth had caused his calamities, or he would not have fled from Inverness. This

conjecture he opposes with the argument that "Macbeth stood high in the opinion of his countrymen, and his loyalty could not be impeached without strong proof, at the very moment when, at the hazard of his life, he had quelled a powerful rebellion aided by the Norwegian power, and placed his monarch in quiet possession of the throne." According to Shakspeare, Macbeth retains his loyalty and an unsullied character till supernatural means were employed to wrap his reason, and rouse that ambitious spirit which led him to commit his first dreadful crime. "Malcolm's flight was naturally the consequence of that fear, which the murder of his father, under such strange circumstances, would produce; and took place before sufficient time had elapsed to collect the circumstances necessary to fix the crime on any one, much less on Macbeth."

The second note refers to Glamis Castle, which belonged to the family; and on its forfeiture to the crown, in consequence of Macbeth's death, was given by Robert II. "to his favourite Sir John Lyon, *propter, laudabili et fidei servitis, et continuis laboribus.*" Only one of the towers remains of the original structure, which consisted of three long courts, with a square tower and gateway in each. Miss Spence having described the present castle, in her "Sketches of the present Manners, &c. of Scotland," Mr. Humphreys offers it to his readers as follows:—

"Glamis Castle, in the vicinity of Kinnottles, is one of considerable distinction. This venerable structure is the property of the Earl of Strathmore, and is his seat in Scotland. Many noble edifices are called castles, without the least analogy to that style of architecture: this is not the case with Glamis. There is a stately grandeur in the formation of the building, which carries the imagination back to feudal times. Its pondrous walls, small turrets, and numerous round towers surmounted with gold balls, high narrow windows, and rude diversity, give a character and effect to the whole which is very striking." Miss Spence mentions that she was shewn the chamber in which Duncan is

said to have been murdered. This small, gloomy, and antique apartment is in the south wing, from which the bed has been removed to the upper story. The castle is situated between Perth and Brechin, in the vale of Strathmore, and about six miles north of Forfar, in the eastern part of Scotland.

Siward, Earl of Northumberland, is introduced as a principal in the poem; of whom Camden says, "Among these (the earls) Siward was a person of extraordinary valour; and as he lived, so he chose to die in his armour."

The notes to the fifth canto are from Shakspeare's Macbeth, Act IV. Scene 3. Sir John St. Clair's Statistical Account of Scotland furnishes our author with other illustrations, from which we learn a tradition common at Dunsinane, that Macbeth resided at the castle of Carnbeth for ten years after his usurpation, where vestiges of it are yet to be seen, and at that time two of the most powerful witches in Scotland lived near him, at Callace and Casse, not far from Dunsinane House; the country-people also point out the moor where they met, and a stone called the Witches' Stone. It was by their advice that Macbeth erected a castle on Dunsinane hill of uncommon strength, both natural and artificial. Upon the arrival of Malcolm Canmore with the English auxiliaries, he marched towards Dunkeld to meet his friends from the north; and this led them to Birnam-wood, where some motive induced the troops to carry the branches of trees either in their hands, or placed in their bonnets: hence Shakspeare's prevaricating prophecy of the witches respecting Birnam-wood coming to Dunsinane. "And when Malcolm," says Sir John, "prepared to attack the castle, where it was principally defended by the outer rocks, Macbeth immediately deserted, and flying, ran up the opposite hill, pursued by Macduff; but finding it impossible to escape, he threw himself from the top of the hill, was killed upon the rocks, and buried at the *Lang Man's Grave*, as it is called, yet extant. The neighbouring peasants point out a spot where they say Banquo was murdered."

The traditions above noticed also as-

sert Macbeth to have been of gigantic stature.

Other notes relate to Macduff and Scone; and the two last are as follows:

"Malcolm the Third, commonly called Malcolm Canmore, from two Gaelic words which signify a large head, but, most probably, his great capacity, was the eighty-sixth King of Scotland, from Fergus the First, the supposed founder of the monarchy. He was a wise and magnanimous prince; and in no respect inferior to his contemporary, the Norman conqueror, with whom he was often at war." "Malcolm the Third married Margaret, daughter to Edward, surnamed the Outlaw, son to Edmund Ironside, King of England. By the death of her brother Edgar Atheling, the Saxon right to the Crown of England devolved upon the posterity of that princess, who was one of the wisest and worthiest women of the age, and her daughter Maud was accordingly married to Henry I. of England. Malcolm, after a glorious reign was killed, with his son, treacherously it is said, at the siege of Alawick, by the besiegers."

Such are the facts on which Mr. Humphreys founds his very interesting poem—a poem which, we think, may be classed with the best productions of the day: and this opinion we shall endeavour to establish by the following extract.

At the opening of the second canto, we find Malcolm in danger from Dunmack, who keeps the castle of Glamis, then belonging to Macbeth, where the prince had taken shelter, ignorant who was the cause of his father's death. A monk who knew the prince takes the first opportunity of warning him to fly.

"The wav'ring lamp, with dying gleam,
Spreads a still, religious gloom;
And oft is heard the night-bird's scream:
Foretelling sad the wretch's doom.
Now come with me to Glamis tow'r,
While still the sullen night doth low'r;
And view the gothic chamber wide;—
But come, when there is none beside
The stately bed, with lofty plume,
Now dimly seen conceal'd in gloom.
While by listening fancy led,
The mind, by wild'ring terror fed,
Is fill'd with thoughts and phantoms dread;
—Moves not that form so gaunt and grim,
With frowning brow, and giant limb;

Or was it shadow of the brain!—

'Tis but the pictur'd tapestry,
Portray'd in colours bold and free,
Now sudden shrieks the warm blood freeze
—'Twas but the howl of the midnight breeze,
Hark! Malcolm speaks--tho' wrapp'd in sleep;
And mutters threats, and curses deep—
'Tis on his father's murd'rer.

Soft---soft---I heard a distant tread,
With stealthy pace, and faint;
Now all is silent as the dead;—

Soft---hush---'tis heard again.
What figure's that in mantle black,
Which doth the straining eye-sight rack,
Slow moving tow'rds the bed?—
His cheek is pale---his eye is sunk;
Sure 'tis the wither'd, aged monk---
Or shadow from the dead!

Now Malcolm wakes from starting dream---
His eyes upon the form are fix'd;
His brain confus'd with figures mix'd,
And by the lamp's dim, parting gleam,
He deems it Duncan's shade!

"Ah, dost thou come, thy son to chide?"
His voice in terror then was hush'd;
And from the form he strove to hide;
While through his brain the hot blood rush'd.

"O! calm, my son, thy troubled mind,"
(The monk with gentle voice replied;)
I come with counsel sage and kind,
Thy rash and headlong youth to guide;

"To me are weighty secrets known;
Which strange and wild to thee appear;
O'er this old head grey time hath flown,
And chill'd my aged blood with care;

"Now list! and mark the horrid knell,
By which the gentle Duncan fell;
And learn to doubt false smiling show,
And men by actions only know:

"And to thy young and flatt'ring heart,
Let it the sober truth impart;
Tell thee to doubt, ay, think the worst,
And 'scape the storm before it burst:

"I would not have thee shrink with fear;
Nor with disgrace thine honour sear;
But trusting youth doth often rue
The friendship deem'd secure and true:

"On proud Macbeth, thy father lean'd;
And loyal, frank, and bold he seem'd;
The wary tiger feigns to sleep;
The cruel crocodile to weep;

"'Tis not for me to tell thee more;
'Scape while thou canst the fatal shore;
Before the morrow's coming night
Mount thy swift steed, and speed thy flight."

From p. 123 to the end of the volume are Poems on various subjects, many of which are pleasing, and some masterly.

CORPULENCE,

OR OBESITY, CONSIDERED AS A DISEASE. BY WILLIAM WADD.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE good opinion which we expressed of this pleasant but scientific Treatise when anonymous, is not lessened by the respectable professional name under which it is now published.

"These remarks first appeared," Mr. Wadd observes. "with a confession that they had never been prepared for the public eye. For that reason they were published without a name.—In this imperfect state they passed through two impressions; and as no pains were taken to conceal the Author, he soon became generally known. It was therefore his wish to render the work more systematic; but professional duties, and publications, have prevented his attempting more than to arrange such facts as have occurred in his practice or reading. They have gradually accumulated; and judging of the importance of the subject, by the reception with which such a trifle has been honoured, he is induced to submit them again to the corpulent good-humoured part of the community, in their present shape."

Though Mr. Wadd has occasionally treated the subject with much pleasantry, it is nowhere mixed with levity.

"The English nation," he tells us, "has at all times been as famous for beef, as her sons have been celebrated for bravery. That they understood good living, even in the earliest ages, we may learn from Cæsar, who, speaking of the diet of the Britons, says, 'Lacte et carne vivunt.' Nor have the 'cibi crassi ac fæculentæ turbidæque potiones' of our ancestors, been a subject of less admiration with all succeeding historians, down to the days of the good Sir Lionel Duckett, who, anno 1573, restrained the 'great housekeeping in the City, that had caused such great consumption of venison, as to give offence to the Queen and Court.' It has been conjectured by some, that for one fat person in France or Spain, there are a hundred in England. I shall leave others to determine the fairness of such a calculation.... It

is not a little singular, that a disease which had been thought characteristic of the inhabitants of this island, should have been so little attended to. Dr. Thos. Short's discourse on Corpulency, published in 1727, with a small pamphlet by Dr. Flemming, and some occasional remarks in a few systematic works, will, I believe, be found to comprise all that has been said in this country, on what Dr. Fothergill termed 'a most singular disease.'"

After noticing the principal articles that have been resorted to in the treatment of this disease, we are informed, that "the person who depends solely on the benefit to be derived from the use of any of them will find himself grievously disappointed.

"How can a magic box of pills,
Syrup, or vegetable juice,
Eradicate at once those ills
Which years of luxury produce?"

"Abstinence from animal food was considered a moral duty, by the learned Ritson, ten years ago; and we have very lately had an erudite exhortation, to 'return to Nature,' and vegetable diet, by a gentleman whose whole family live according to the following bill of fare. 'Our breakfast,' he observes, 'is composed of dried fruits, whether raisins, figs, or plums, with toasted bread, or biscuit, and weak tea, always made of distilled water, with a moderate portion of milk in it. The children, who do not seem to like the flavour of tea, use milk and water instead of it. When butter is added to the toast, it is in very small quantity. The dinner consists of potatoes, with some other vegetables, according as they happen to be in season; macaroni, a tart, or a pudding, with as few eggs as possible: to this is sometimes added a dessert. Onions, especially those from Portugal, may be stewed with a little walnut pickle, and some other vegetable ingredients, for which no cook will be at a loss, so as to

constitute an excellent sauce for all other vegetables. As to drinking, we are scarcely inclined, on this cooling regimen, to drink at all; but when it so happens, we take distilled water, having a still expressly for this purpose in our back kitchen.—The article of drink requires the utmost attention. Corpulent persons generally indulge to excess; if this be allowed, every endeavour to reduce them will be vain.—Newmarket affords abundant proofs, how much may be done by exercise. Jockies sometimes reduce themselves a stone and a half in weight in a week.

“The Author of the Pursuits of Literature remarks, that Philosophy is a very pleasant thing, and has various uses; one (by no means the least important) is, that it makes us laugh, a well-known recipe for making us fat. The Royal Society of London, after neglecting this laughter-making property of Philosophy for some years, seems, in one instance, inclined to revive it.—Lest it should be suspected that I have misrepresented the important paper thus alluded to, and its accompanying specimen, I shall offer a slight analysis of the first. The latter has been analyzed by a chemist, not less celebrated for his accuracy than his modesty, of whom it need only be said that he is the very able successor of Davy at the Royal Institution.”

For this analysis it may be sufficient to refer to the Tract before us; as we have no intention to examine more closely into the oily substance “which, procured under circumstances which precluded all possibility of deception, was laid on the table of the Royal Society.”

Many scientific observations are added to the present edition, and several remarkable cases; among which is the following anecdote, related by Sir N. Wrexall, of our venerable Monarch.

“He (George III.) seemed to have a tendency to become corpulent, if he had not suppressed it by systematic and unremitting temperance. On this subject I shall relate a fact, which was communicated to me by a friend, Sir John Macpherson, who received it from the great earl of Mansfield, to whom the

King himself mentioned it; forcibly demonstrating that strength of mind, renunciation of all excess, and dominion over his appetite, which have characterized George III. at every period of his life. Conversing with William Duke of Cumberland, his uncle, not long before that Prince's death in 1764, his Majesty observed, that it was with concern he remarked the Duke's augmenting corpulency. ‘I lament it not less, Sir,’ replied he; ‘but it is constitutional; and I am much mistaken if your Majesty will not become as large as myself, before you attain to my age.’ ‘It arises from your not using sufficient exercise,’ answered the king. ‘I use, nevertheless,’ said the Duke, ‘constant and severe exercise of every kind.—But there is another effort requisite, in order to repress this tendency, which is much more difficult to practise, and without which, no exercise, however violent, will suffice. I mean, great renunciation and temperance. Nothing else can prevent your Majesty from growing to my size.’ The King made no reply; but the Duke's words sunk deep, and produced a lasting impression on his mind. From that day he formed the resolution, as he assured Lord Mansfield, of checking his constitutional inclination to corpulency, by unremitting restraint upon his appetite:—a determination which he carried into complete effect, in defiance of every temptation.”

Many of the cases of “Preternatural Obesity,” which form the Appendix, are curious and entertaining, particularly those furnished from theatrical history. The last of these Cases is of a very serious nature, a fatal accumulation of fat about the heart. The subject was Dr. Higgins of the Navy; but for this we have no room.

“Here,” says the ingenious Author, “I shall close this motley collection, formed from much and varied reading, medical correspondence, and personal observation. The statement of many of the cases is given in the language of the parties. In some, no more is said than is sufficient to identify the fact. In others, where the public journal or private authority warranted it, the history is more explicit.”

ON SHAKSPEARE.

From the European Magazine.

THE GLEANER, No. I.

"I shall think it a most plenteous crop,
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps."

SHAKSPEARE—*As You Like It.*
Act iii. Scene 5.

WHATEVER praises may have been lavished on our immortal dramatist, by the admirers of his genius and the panegyrists of his writings, the correct judgment of the critic who does not suffer himself to be led away by the momentary impulse of his passions and feelings, has found something to censure as well as much to applaud. That daring and bold imagination which serves to raise his productions so far above the level of those men of ordinary capacities, and to stamp them with an evidence of powers peculiarly his own, regardless of rules and impatient of restraint, has been, in many instances, productive of a relation of circumstances far removed from all the rules of probability; whilst the taste of the times in which he wrote has too frequently led him to indulge in a strain of low humour and indecent allusion, and at other time to sacrifice common sense to the vapid jingling of uncouth rhymes.

But Shakspeare possessed qualities which have been individually the privilege of very few, and which, perhaps, collectively, were never before, nor have ever been since, united in so eminent a degree. Occupying, as he did, several of the lowest stations in life, and associating with characters who filled those which were still lower than his own, his earlier years afforded his acute and penetrating discernment a wonderful insight into the varieties of the human character. His descriptions are not those of the man who derives all his knowledge from books, who takes every thing, as it were, upon credit, who forms his own opinions upon those of others, whose means of information were, perhaps, more scanty and circumscribed than his own—who, unused to the bustling variety and active scenes of human action, draws a flattering picture in his garret of the charac-

ters of those whose voices he hears but at a distance below; and repeatedly holding up this creature of his fancy to his gaze, pronounces it an exact resemblance of an original which he has never seen—No—Shakspeare heard the opinions of mankind from their own mouths; saw the effect which particular causes produced; drew his inferences from the surest premises; and painted his portraits from Nature herself. Not relying upon that distant prospect of human life, which throws an appearance of universal uniformity upon every surrounding object, he entered so closely into its scenes, that he was a personal witness to all the minute discriminations which diversify the natural character, and which are only discoverable by a narrow and close inspection. Hence, if he wishes us to become acquainted with the original of his resemblance, he accompanies the description with a train of little incidents, which, though they might have escaped an ordinary observer, convince the most ordinary capacity that they are correct. Every speech is expressive of that particular sentiment which we are led to expect from the character in which it is made; and if we are occasionally surprised with an unlooked-for trait, we are soon reconciled to its introduction, and rather blame ourselves for having formed a wrong conception of the writer's intention, than the writer for differing from us. His images are very frequently so lively, that when he attempts an exact delineation, we are no longer reading the poet's description, but the object of his representation stands full before us, with every feature and lineament nicely portrayed. In perusing some of Shakspeare's plays, and noticing the distinguishing characteristics of his dramatis personæ, the reader feels as if he were contemplating one of Hogarth's pictures, and is ready to exclaim, the farther he looks—" 'Tis the very life."

But the praises of our great dramatist are not to be confined within the narrow limits of such a paper as the present: they have already filled volumes; and a

correct discernment of his distinguishing characteristics alone has been sufficient to immortalize a female, who has nobly vindicated the cause of English merit against the invidious remarks of Gallic jealousy.

There is one point of view which more particularly relates to the subject and design of this essay, to which we are anxious to draw the attention of our readers.—Referring again to those remarks with which we commenced, and acknowledging that, in many respects, Shakspeare deserves censure, still, however, we must admit, that amid the surrounding earthy particles is so much pure and valuable ore, that his trouble is most amply repaid who takes the pains to search and collect the precious substance. Many, who have very properly been cautious how they permit youth to resort to any source of amusement and reading, where there might be a danger of their tender minds being contaminated by impure and indelicate ideas, have objected to Shakspeare's being put into the hands of those whose principles

are not yet sufficiently fixed, and whose moral and religious opinions are in danger of being perverted by the imagination being gratified with prohibited objects of attraction. Perhaps the best way to prevent the evil, and insure the good which would result from a perusal of the productions of our immortal bard, would be to select those passages which are particularly worthy of notice, and, by an elucidation of their meaning, and an application of the sentiments conveyed by them, at once impress the memory and enlarge the understanding.

With this design, the writer intends the present as the commencement of a series of Essays, in which, adopting such passages in Shakspeare as appear worthy of remembrance, for mottoes, it will be his endeavour, in the remarks which may be made upon them, to combine amusement with instruction, and thus prove the truth of the frequently quoted sentiment of Horace,

"Omne tulit Punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci."

Portsea, March 1817. ALFRED.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
DR. JOHNSON was once requested by a lady of Lichfield to tell her what books were proper for her children, who were just learning to read:—his answer was, "O, madam, Tom Thom, and Jack the Giant-Killer;" intimating, as I suppose, that he thought it of no consequence what kind of books, were put into the hands of children. But, with all due respect for the opinion of this great man, I think it of very great consequence, and am convinced, that correct early impressions are of vital importance. I was therefore pleased to see the matter taken up by Y. Z. in the Monthly Magazine for March,* though I must beg to dissent from the opinion of this writer in regard to fables. Fables may, I grant, convey strong impressions of moral instruction to those who are of sufficiently mature age to separate the

moral from the tale; but, as this cannot be expected from young children, I think them highly improper.

I would have nothing presented to the thoughts of children but plain matter of fact, or what has at least the probability of truth; and, such is the curiosity of young people, and the elements of useful knowledge are so multifarious, and their accession is so very attractive, that it is worse than absurd, it is both culpable and cruel, to abuse the juvenile thoughts with the vagaries of fiction and romance. Children too may be early taught a love of truth, that shall contribute to all that is lovely and dignified in the human character. A forward boy, of seven years old, requested, a short time since, that I would lend him a book to read;—I found him Robinson Crusoe: after looking over the contents, he came, and said, "But, sir, is it all true? because, if it is not, I should not like to read it, for I

* See *Atheneum*, Vol. I. p. 317.

don't know what to make of books that are not true."

We have many publications that are quite unexceptionable for the use of children ; but the one which pleases me the most is the *Book of Trades* : I think it might be extended with advantage ; nor should I be sorry to see it accompanied by a book of youthful pastimes, and athletic exercises, with plates,—for it is absolutely necessary that the thoughts of children should be dissipated by play and diverting exercises.

Tales of fairies and hobgoblins are now pretty well discarded from the nursery, though not entirely so ; I was obliged to discharge a nurse lately, who persisted in telling tales of wonder : but every thing that is erroneous and visionary should be carefully discarded too ; and it is also proper to avoid, as much as possible, whatever cannot be satisfactorily explained ; the mental food, of children, as well as their corporal food, should be easy of digestion. Great injury may be done by over stimulating juvenile thoughts, even with what is in itself perfectly rational, though unfit for the tender ideas. Now, if the thoughts of children may be excited to a diseased action by what is in itself rational, the most fatal consequences may be expected from filling their heads with what is erroneous and visionary ; and no doubt but that the most lamentable perversities of human nature, and the most humiliating and degrading complaints, have often had their origin in the ridiculous tales of the nursery. I have had a patient who was afflicted with mental

derangement at eleven years of age, and another at fifteen, evidently from this cause ; and another, female who was not afflicted till after marriage, tells me that those visionary ideas, that have been the source of so much trouble and affliction to herself and nearest connections in life, had their rise from the flattery of a fond brother, older than herself, who was in the habit of telling her, when a little girl, that she should be a great lady, and keep her own coach : she being extremely beautiful, the brother was most likely the dupe of his imaginations, and entertained a hope that she might make her fortune by marriage ; instead of which, it was her lot to be united to a worthy clergyman, who, though he might start in life with the hopes of a good living, never obtained one. Had her "sober wishes never learned to stray," she might most likely have avoided the most deplorable disease. Nor is there any question but that the leading features in the human character depend, in a great measure, on the power of early mental impressions. Happy then for those whose early impressions were favourable to wisdom and virtue, and whose tender thoughts were kept free from the contaminations of falsehood and of folly. That the mind is most susceptible of strong and indelible impressions in early life does not admit of a doubt ; the great importance of strict attention and caution, as to what those impressions are, is therefore incontrovertible.

Spring-Vale ; April 4, 1817.

ON HEALTH.

To the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.

Walthamstow, April 9, 1817.

Mr. Editor,

I SHALL send for the Gentleman's Magazine, with your permission, some observations and recent experiments on the destructive tendency of Spirituous Liquors : the following are some preliminary observations on Health, for the next Number.

Yours, &c.

T. F.

On the Common Causes of Ill Health arising from Indigestion.

Previous to the observations on the injurious influence of High Feeding and Spirituous Liquors on the Health, it seems proper to present the Reader with a familiar view of the process of nourishment, and of the healthy action of the digestive organs by which that essential function of the animal machine is effect-

ed. I shall consequently take a survey of the several processes which take place during the digestion of our food ; of the causes by which those operations are improved or injured ; and of the means of restoring the digestive viscera, when disordered, to a healthy performance of their functions.

1. *Of the first Process, called Chymification.*

The food which we swallow being chewed and received into the stomach, excites in that organ, when healthy, the effusion of a liquor from its coats, called the gastric juice ; which juice from the coats of the stomach so acts on the food contained in its cavity as to convert it into a viscid and pasty matter, called chyme ; and this conversion into chyme is the first process. In a healthy state this process occupies about two or three hours, or perhaps four according the quality and quantity of the food, and the degree of appetite which preceded. It is retarded and rendered imperfect by exercise after meals, or by any thing which agitates the mind. Thus, to sit still in agreeable society after dinner is a pleasant custom, not wholly founded on conviviality, but on medicinal utility. And thus, exercise soon after eating is not only unpleasant and irksome, but is injurious, and defeats in some degree the end of eating, by retarding the nutritive functions, and causing the undigested food to irritate the stomach. This accounts for the sick head-aches which persons subject to them often get up with in the morning, from having taken exercise too soon after dinner the day before. It should be recollected that exercise before meals creates an appetite, and prepares the stomach for digestion ; but after meals it injures the first process of nourishment, and irritates the digestive organs.

2. *Of the Second Process, called Chylification.*

When the food has been converted into chyme in the bag of the stomach, as described above, it passes into the duodenum, or first of the intestines, through the lower orifice of the stomach, called the pylorus, or the watchman, because it

is said to watch, and not to let pass any unchymified food. This is generally, but not always true ; for in certain imperfect and irritable actions of the stomach, the undigested food passes through into the intestines, and irritates them, producing great mischief.

When the food, properly converted into chyme, has passed into the duodenum, through the pylorus, it undergoes a change to a matter called chyle, a white milky fluid, which is drunk up by the absorbing vessel, carried into the heart, and converted into blood to nourish the body. And this change of the chyme into chyle is effected by the operation of three fluids poured upon it in the duodenum : 1. the bile, which is secreted by the liver ; 2. the pancreatic juice from the pancreas ; and 3. the succus intestinalis, from the coats of the duodenum and small intestines. These three juices separate the chyme into two parts ; the chyle, afore described, which is taken up into nourishment ; and the faecal residue, which is precipitated down the intestines. Any thing which irritates the stomach, liver, pancreas, or intestines, impedes these processes, and creates numerous diseases, by that general sympathy by which disorders of the digestive organs affect other parts of the body.

3. *Of the Times of taking Food and Exercise.*

As it is not what we eat, but what is properly digested, which nourishes the body ; so the principal object is to obtain a healthy appetite for the purpose of having a good digestion. Exercise in the open air is the best receipt for this purpose ; but it should always be when the stomach is comparatively empty : rest after meals is as essential to good digestion as exercise before them ; and many people who, forgetting this, take exercise immediately after dinner, complain they do not derive from it that benefit which physicians usually ascribe to it.

The same observation, that what is digested, and that alone, can nourish the body, should ever prevent people from eating when they are not hungry, as hunger is the criterion of the digestive power.

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DUCHESS D'ANGOULEME'S PRIVATE MEMOIRS.

From the Eclectic Review.

THERE is scarcely any thing which is more calculated to awaken and call into exercise the tenderest feelings of our nature, than the contemplation of the privations and sufferings of those individuals, especially those who seemed born to a better destiny. A diversity of opinion will probably ever continue to prevail, in regard to the actual circumstances which originated the French Revolution. Whether it arose out of the profligacy of the court, and the oppression of the aristocracy; what share the people themselves had in producing the convulsion; in what degree it is attributable to the writings of the French philosophers, which had preceded it; are questions of extremely difficult solution, and will long divide the opinions of the political world.

The tale before us is truly a tale of horror. It is formed of notes, taken by the only survivor of those who were personally the subjects of the shocking scenes it describes; and who herself, for eighteen long months, endured, not merely all the hardships and indignities of a rigorous confinement, but the heart-sickening uncertainty of the fate, and even of the existence of her own mother!

Hue and Clery have already given a detailed account of these transactions; but neither of these individuals was in possession of the many minute circumstances which make up the materials necessary to constitute a complete history of this horrible affair. The incidents which are omitted by the above narrators, the tract now under notice professes to supply. It is, as we are told, received at Paris, as a publication of indisputable authority; and indeed, it seems to possess all the internal evidence of an authentic narrative.

'The king and his family,' it informs us, 'reached the Temple at seven o'clock in the evening of the 13th of August, 1792. The gunners wanted to take him alone to the Tower, (a detached part of the Temple never frequented, and hardly known,) and to

have the other prisoners in the palace of the Temple. Manuel had by the way received an order to conduct the whole family to the Tower. Petion appeased the anger of the gunners, and the order was executed.'

The history then proceeds to describe the several instances of personal insult, which the members of the Royal Family, and the King especially, were exposed to daily, by the men who were employed as constant guards of their persons, and inspectors of all their actions. One man in particular, who had headed the mob to force open the palace doors on the 20th of June, was ever exercised in contriving some mode of shewing the cruelty of his hatred by acts of vulgar revenge. Knowing that the Queen had a particular aversion to tobacco, he would puff it in her face, and in that of the King, when they happened to pass him. He would retire early to bed, because he knew that the family must necessarily go through his room, in order to reach their own. But it was not within doors only, that these vulgar insults were constantly shewn. 'The garden was full of workmen who insulted the king. One of them even boasted before him, that he wished to split the queen's head with the tool with which he was working.' It is, however, added, that Petion caused this man to be arrested.

Madame de Lamballe,* who was at first confined with the family, was soon forced away from them. While they were in anxious suspense respecting her, there was one day an uncommon tumult, accompanied with the most horrid shouts. It was insisted by some who entered the Temple, that the King should shew himself at the windows. This, however, was over-ruled; but upon the King's asking what was the matter, one of the guards replied, 'Well! since you will know it, it

* 'Madame de Lamballe was of the house of Savoy; the widow of Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Lamballe, son of the Duke of Penthièvre.'

is the head of Madame de Lamballe that they want to shew you.'

This was the only occasion, the Duchess of Angoulême informs us, on which the firmness of her mother was overcome. She adds, that when the municipal officers shewed their anger against the young man who had thus unfeelingly made known this horrible transaction, her father, the King, excused him, taking the fault upon himself for having questioned him.

The trial and condemnation of Louis, and his conduct during the time the trial lasted, as well as the firmness and resignation with which he died, are then briefly related; and the narrative continues in the following words.

'On the morning of this terrible day, the princesses rose at six. The night before, the queen had scarcely strength enough to put her son to bed. She threw herself, dressed as she was, upon her own bed, *where she was heard shivering with cold and grief all night long*. At a quarter past six the door opened; the princesses believed that they were sent for to see the king; but it was only the officers looking for a prayer-book for the king's mass. They did not, however, abandon the hope of seeing him, till the shouts of joy of the infuriated populace came to tell them that all was over!'

After this, we are not surprised to hear that nothing could calm the agony of the Queen, and that 'she would sometimes look upon her children and her sister with an air of pity that made them shudder.'

Another dreadful trial soon awaited her. On the third of July, a decree of the Convention was read to the Queen and Princesses, purporting that the Dauphin should be separated from them. The Queen heard this decree with the utmost agony of horror, and she actually 'defended against the efforts of the officers, the bed in which she had placed him. Her horror was augmented when she learnt that one Simon, a shoemaker by trade, whom she had seen in the Temple, was one of the officers to whom her unhappy child was confided. This miscreant's principal duty, we are told in a note by the

Translator, was to debilitate the child's body, and impair his understanding. Simon was eventually involved in Robespierre's overthrow, and was guillotined the day after him, July 20th, 1794.

The Queen was ordered at length to prepare for her trial; and as a preliminary step, her separation from the princesses was ordered, and put into execution. The infamous Simon, in the mean time, was teaching the young Dauphin the most horrid oaths and execrations against God, his own family, and the aristocrats. Happily, the Queen was ignorant of these horrors. Her earthly course had terminated, before the child had learned this infamous lesson. 'It was an infliction which the 'mercy of heaven was pleased to spare her.'

'It was on the 16th of October, 1793, that Marie Antoniette-Josephe-Jeanne de Lorraine, daughter of an emperor, and wife of a king, was executed. She was thirty-seven years and eleven months old. She had been twenty-three years in France, and had survived her husband eight months.

'The princesses could not persuade themselves that the queen was dead, though they heard her sentence cried about by the newsman. A hope, natural to the unfortunate, made them believe that she had been saved.

'There were moments, however, in which in spite of their reliance on foreign powers, they felt the liveliest alarm for her, when they heard the fury of the unhappy populace against the whole family. Madame Royale (the Duchess of Angoulême) remained for eighteen months in this cruel suspense.'

This tract contains also a circumstantial account of the manner in which the life of the Dauphin was terminated. It seems the choice was given to the shoemaker Simon, whether he would continue to be the keeper of the Dauphin, or accept the situation of a municipal officer. As he preferred the latter, the unhappy child was absolutely abandoned to misery and wretchedness; he continued for more than a year without any change of linen, so that every kind of filth & vermin was allowed to accumulate about him, without being removed during all that time.

‘His window, which was locked as well as grated, was never opened; and the infectious smell of this horrid room was so dreadful that no one could bear it for a moment. He might indeed have washed himself, for he had a pitcher of water, and have kept himself more clean than he did; but overwhelmed by the ill-treatment he had received, he had not resolution to do so, and his illness began to deprive him of even the necessary strength. He never asked for any thing, so great was his dread of Simon, and his other keepers. He passed his days without any kind of occupation. They did not even allow him light in the evening. This situation affected his mind as well as his body, and it is not surprising that he should have fallen into a frightful atrophy. The length of time which he resisted this

persecution shows how good his constitution must originally have been.’

In consequence of this cruel neglect and ill-treatment, the Dauphin fell into a disorder attended with swellings of his joints and fever, of which he died, according to this account, on the 9th of June, 1795, at three o’clock in the afternoon. ‘He was not poisoned,’ says the history, ‘as some have believed. The only poison which shortened his days was filth, made more fatal by horrible treatment, by harshness and cruelty, of which there is no example.’

Here the Memoirs terminate. It is stated in a note, that the Duchess remained six months in the Temple after the death of her brother, and left it on the 19th of December, which was the seventeenth anniversary of her birth.

CONTINUED ENORMITIES OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I HAVE had a very interesting conversation with Capt. B*****, who lately returned from a voyage to the Rio Plata for his health; and, as you are a true abolitionist, I will detail what he has related to me concerning the Slave Trade.

At Buenos Ayres the trade is abolished; and the children of slaves, born since the declaration of independence, are free. When a negro becomes a soldier, his pay for three years is considered the property of his master, and after that time he is perfectly enfranchised. The negroes are fond of a military life, and make excellent soldiers, and in Buenos Ayres they have seven fine regiments. In Rio Janeiro and at Bahia there were such an abundance of slaves, and so little attended to, that they were rotting in the streets: for, the roll tobacco and produce, with which they are purchased, being very cheap, the slaves themselves are considered as scarcely worthy of care. However, many cargoes from Africa are not landed, on account of the Custom-house duties; but, after obtaining provisions, they are dispatched to better markets.

Capt. B. went afterwards to the Havannah, where he remained nearly three months. He inspected the returns, and found that ABOVE TWENTY THOUSAND SLAVES had been landed in that city during the time of his residence. Seven vessels have entered in a day; and, when he sailed, there were four French vessels in the harbour—one of them a large ship, with EIGHT HUNDRED SLAVES, two brigs, and a schooner. Cuba has two other harbours, in which many slaves are landed, and many are received at Porto Rico: so that we must allow to Spain about a hundred thousand slaves a-year, and to Portugal as many more; whereas, before our Abolition Act they did not drag to wretchedness above forty thousand! Yet this is not surprising, when we consider how greatly the purchase is diminished on the coast of Africa, and that from 2*l.* to 5*l.* a-head will procure slaves in any port; and, how great must be the profit,—in the Brazils 75*l.* a head being paid for them, in the Havannah 100*l.*, and, when smuggled to the Floridas and to New Orleans, a good slave, male or female, will fetch 200*l.*! Thus, after abolishing the trade, and preaching so much about the mise-

ries of Africa, we seem to have augmented that horrible traffic, and increased the negroes' sufferings! In ten years, of nearly two millions of slaves, we have captured about ten thousand, and expended at least a million and a half of the public money; only to advance the wealth of Spain and Portugal, and enable those nations to undersell us in every foreign market, not only in sugar and coffee, but in all tropical produce; for, in the Brazils, the Portuguese (having obtained above a hundred Chinese instructors) have been enabled to cultivate TEA in great quantities, and of excellent qualities. Surely humanity, as well as common policy, pointed out the necessity of establishing

a universal abolition at once; and no one can be so infatuated as to suppose, that, while Great Britain was preserving Portugal and Spain as independent nations, she could not have insisted on their abolishing the Slave Trade.

A most feasible plan was judiciously thrown out by Dr. Thorp, to prevent Spain from renewing the royal licence for slave-trading after the 16th of February, 1816, by entering into a negotiation with the Havannah merchants, by whom the court of Spain has always been influenced in the Slave Trade concerns; yet nothing that could *actually diminish* this nefarious traffic seems ever to have been attempted.

Trinity-Square, March 31, 1817.

OBSERVATIONS DURING A TOUR IN POLAND, &c.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
THE interior of Poland is perhaps less known than any other European country. As I passed about six months in that interesting kingdom in the years 1813 and 14, perhaps some account of what I saw may not be uninteresting to your readers. If you are of that opinion, all I can say is that I shall in the relation endeavour to state facts only, and to avoid *fine writing*.

Proceeding from Warsaw to Wilna, in February, 1813, I passed through Tykocyn, a small town in the department of Lomza. It lies out of the direct road between those cities; but it was thought that by a circuitous and comparatively unfrequented route, I should be less likely to be interrupted by the Russian military, now advancing under Beningsen to form the reserve of the grand Russian army on the Elbe near Dresden. Tykocyn is a frontier town, situated on the river Narew, which here separates the Duchy of Warsaw from Russian Poland. The country for several miles round is marshy, interrupted occasionally by sandy hills, sometimes cultivated, but more generally covered with fir and beach trees. Near the town of course there are some spots of cultivation, in the na-

ture, and after the manner of common fields in England. The town consists of one street and two squares, about 320 wooden huts with chimneys, and divided generally into two apartments on the ground floor; 30 of one apartment without any chimney: six brick houses of one story and of three or four apartments, occupied by the military commandant of the place, the office of the sub-prefect, and one or two noble families. There is a large magnificently furnished Catholic Church; an extensive monastery, containing about twenty Dominican friars, and another building of the same description uninhabited and partly in ruins; a large synagogue, a small Lutheran chapel, parish school, vapour bath, Jewish bath, &c. &c. The regular population consists of about 2,300 Jews, 106 Christian laity, and chiefly Germans, and 30 clergy chiefly Poles. Of extraordinary population there were about 1,000 sick of all nations, but chiefly Russians, in houses or barns set apart as hospitals. In addition to these, when any Russian troops passed through the town, the officers were quartered in the houses; but the men and subalterns lay in the streets or fields. Occasional bands of prisoners made from the French armies were

marched through on their route to Siberia. These were either tied arm to arm or leg to leg, by means of boards with holes for their legs, &c. chained on and padlocked. When they stopped all night, they were turned into a barn, spread with straw, sometimes loose, but more generally tied two and two. They were constantly guarded by Cossacks with drawn swords and short whips. Their food was black bread, generally mouldy, and water. I prevailed on the commandant to let it be cut up and toasted, which made it more palatable.

I arrived at Tykocyn on the 28th of July, and after going through the usual regulations as to passports, which are much less rigid in Poland than in Russia or France, I was conducted across the Narew to the Russian barrier. Here the Russian officer either pretended or believed that he had no authority to admit an Englishman into the Russian empire. Indeed, though a colonel, he seemed doubtful as to whether England was to be reckoned a friendly power, and did not know, or at least pretended not to recognize the hand-writing of the Russian General Lanskoj, at that time Governor of Warsaw. He therefore kept my passport, and sent two Cossacks to reconduct me across the Narew to Tykocyn, where I was necessitated to remain nearly four months deprived of what an Englishman would call every real comfort; but amply gratified with the unbounded hospitality and kindest wishes and attentions of the Polish nobility of the neighbourhood, and of every class of the inhabitants. It is to this circumstance and that of being generally accompanied by a Pole who was well acquainted with both the French and Polish languages, that I know more of the detail of life, and of some of the country customs in Poland, than can fall to the lot of most general English tourists.

I took up my abode at a Jewish inn, consisting of two apartments with a small cellar and a large barn or shed; which last, as is usual in Poland and Russia, serves as a lodging-house for every description of domestic animal, as a coach-house, a cart shed, and on the floor of which, in any clean corner he

may be fortunate enough to pick up, the traveller generally spreads his bed. The first night I slept in this barn as I had done in all the route from Warsaw; but this being a more frequented inn than any I had met with I was too much annoyed with insects of every description and noisome smells to try it a second time. I then got my bed spread in a corner of the house, but found this little better: I next tried the cellar, in which I continued about a fortnight, till I changed my lodgings to the house of a gardener's widow, a free woman, a sort of noble, in the outskirts of the town. My Jewish host had a good deal of custom whilst I remained with him, from a desire to converse and traffic with me, and before I left the town he had dignified his *kaback* or public-house with the title of *Pratschdom Angielski*, or *Hotel d'Angletere*.

A day or two after my arrival I had a dispute with my Jewish *fuhrman*, or coachman, whom I had engaged in Warsaw by written contract to conduct me at so much a mile to Wilna. He was ready to perform his part of the contract, and therefore insisted on full payment. I took him before the sub-prefect of the department, who reduced his demand; I discharged him, his six horses, and a sort of stray soldier, whom I had hired in Warsaw, as guard to my luggage, and general domestic.

As the Jew bribed the sub-prefect's secretary on this occasion with a silver rouble, I was obliged to apply a Prussian dollar and a medal of the Duke, then Lord Wellington, to the same purpose; and have occasion to believe they prevailed. At all events the medal was the immediate occasion of procuring the personal attentions of the sub-prefect Baron Dombrowski, who two days afterwards gave a sort of rout, which as I afterwards learned was in compliment to me.

The Baron being a bachelor, lodged in the mansion of the Countess of Tworowska, and the rout was given in her house. This was of brick, and contained two large apartments and a kitchen *en suite*. The outer or principal apartment was about 20 by 30 feet, plastered but not coloured. The furniture consisted of three rough red painted canvass

bottomed fir sofas, used as beds; two red painted fir tables, a bureau of stained birch, some fir rush bottomed chairs, a glass, a print of Buonaparte, some bad prints of saints, and views of St. Paul's, London and St. Peter's, Rome. The deal floor was strewed with leaves of the *acorus calamus*, or scented flag, which when trod on diffuses an agreeable odour. The second room was furnished with two inferior beds, sofas, a table, some chairs, and a writing-desk, with trunks and boxes. The kitchen had a fireplace exactly like our smithies, and was furnished with a number of earthen jars with which they cook. In the chimney hung ham and dried mushrooms.

About four o'clock, Baron Dembrowski and the Count Zerembi, an accomplished gentleman, who had travelled the greater part of Europe with the late King Stanislaus, called on me, and conducted me to the Countess, whom I found sitting in the outer room, together with about twelve ladies. I found the Countess about 35, rather elegantly formed, but much marked with the small-pox, fair, indifferently dressed, in a coarse Saxon cotton print, six or eight rings on her fingers, glass imitation pearl beads round her neck, and her hair hanging loose and uncurled. The other ladies were dressed in the same general style, (excepting one in silks,) but with caps and straw bonnets of an old French pattern. Three of them were elderly the others between 18 and 30. They talked a great deal of the inconvenience of having one's passport taken away, the Jews, Jewish coachman, and England, where they understood the ladies to be strictly guarded by their husbands. Madam Von Pretorius, the lady of the postmaster, a German, said her husband had not known an Englishman in Tykocyn, during the period of his official services, a space of about ten years.

Country squires and their ladies now began to arrive, chiefly in cars and creels and small one-horse carts of wicker-work; though some of the higher classes rode on horse-back. Every one saluted the Baron twice, once on each cheek; relations only saluted the Countess at entering, but all the company saluted her at leaving. *Ischey*, or Prussian-tea, a

punch made of tea, rye or oats whiskey, and sugar, was produced and drank at first in cups and saucers, but as the company became more numerous, in tumblers, or whatever could be come at. In a short time the large room was crowded, and *tête-a-têtes* were held in the back room, kitchen and back yard, most of the gentlemen standing or walking, but part of the ladies sitting, numbers in the court or open yard. About seven o'clock, cold meat, fowls, rye bread, and salted cucumbers, were brought in and put on a side table; they were carved and eaten without plates, and with little assistance from knives and forks: every one cut off a piece and took it between his fingers and thumb, and devoured it walking; the bones of course were thrown on the floor. A good deal of laughing, drinking, complimenting, and embracing, took place in the Polish language and manner, but as all were anxious to speak to me, when I was addressed it was in French or German. I was according to custom embraced by the men both at their entering and leaving, which I found sufficiently disgusting, as did some French and Italian officers (convalescent prisoners), who seemed highly to enjoy the scene. Great attention was paid to them by the ladies, and even by the men, who at that time were all French in their hearts.

About eight o'clock the company began to break up: full of good nature, and eager to shew their gratitude to the hospitable Countess, and she now received a profusion of embraces, I may say on every part of her body. There were two or three embracing her head and neck, and others embracing her back, sides, shoulders, and legs, all at the same time. They embraced me only on the cheeks, which, from the effects of their beards and whiskers, were sore for some days after.

At ten I observed three of the ladies and most of the remaining gentleman (about six or eight) intoxicated. I left them with Baron D. not in a much better state. We called at his favourite Jewess's, and drank some had wine, and I left him there at eleven o'clock, and went to my cellar, where I may be supposed to remain yours, &c. WAC PAN ANGIELSKI.
London, Feb. 17, 1817.

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MEMOIR OF J. NEILD, ESQ. THE BENEVOLENT VISITOR OF PRISONS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I WAS born May 24, 1744 (old style,) at Knutsford in Cheshire, in the neighbourhood of which my family possessed some good estates. My father died when I was too young to retain the slightest remembrance of him, leaving myself, three brothers, and one sister, to the care of our mother, who carried on the business of a linen-draper. She was a woman of merit and piety, and devoted herself to the bringing up, and virtuously educating, her children. I passed through the ordinary course of education at the town where I was born, with tolerable success, but quitted it before I was thirteen. A skillful preceptor would, about this time, have discovered the true bent of my temper or disposition, from the manner in which I was struck, at seeing a print of Miss Blandy, in prison, fast bound in misery and in irons, for poisoning her father; and another of Miss Jeffreys and John Swan, whom she procured to shoot her uncle; and my frequent visits to the shop where they were exhibited for sale. The real principles of action, and a character impressed by nature, are in this way most likely to be found; for the efforts of nature* will very rarely, if ever, deceive.

After quitting school, I went to live with my uncle, who farmed one of his own estates; with him I continued about two years, but not liking the farming business, I solicited my mother to put me apprentice to some trade or profession. An opportunity presented itself, and Doctor Leaf, of Prescott, near Liverpool, (all surgeons and apothecaries in the country are called *Doctors*,) was desirous of having me; but in the conclusion of his letter he says, 'After Mr. Neild's five years are expired, he needs only take a trip or two to Guinea, and he will be qualified to practise any where.' This excited my curiosity and inquiry, and final rejection of the offer.

* Ulysses adopted this mode to discover Achilles.

An advertisement about this time appeared in the Newspapers, from a person styling himself a jeweller; and of this business I had formed some idea, from the good-nature of a Jew, who, being a kind of itinerant jeweller, passed through Knutsford every year, and seemed pleased at the effect and inquiries which the shewing me his box of stone buckles, buttons, &c. produced; a treaty was set on foot, and soon concluded.

I accordingly set out for London without either friend or recommendation there, and arrived the latter end of the year 1760. In a very short time (about a month) I found my situation very different to what I had expected, and that the preservation of my character required my immediate removal. Without a single acquaintance, and not much money in my pocket, I knew not what to do. I wrote a particular account of my situation to my mother; and my aunt, who was a woman of singular merit and abilities, wrote to a gentleman, who had been an officer of high rank in the Army: he interested himself so far as to get me released from my then situation, and placed me with Mr. Hemming, the King's goldsmith. After a short trial, I disliked the business; but in this connexion I was enabled to choose for myself, and soon agreed with a jeweller. Having a mechanical term, I had here ample scope to indulge it; and in the latter part of my apprenticeship made many very curious articles,† with which I waited upon several of the Nobility‡ and Gentry, who patronized genius; and among others, one of the Vice-presidents of the Society of Arts. Here I had frequent opportunities of meeting men of genius and learning, and of cultivating acquaintance, which was of the greatest service to me after-

† One of which was a man of war in full sail, with guns on board, which I set in the head of a ring.

‡ Duke of Marlborough, Countess Welderen, Ladies Gage, Gideon, and Banks.

wards. We had an old German in our shop, a good chemist, and he took great pleasure in communicating knowledge to me; till, in one of my experiments, I had nearly destroyed myself, and blown up the workshop. This put an end to my chemistry, in which the injudicious use of quicksilver had likewise done my nerves some injury. To the stated hours of work I generally added one or two daily; sometimes learning to engrave; sometimes to model, sometimes to draw. I was extremely assiduous in whatever I began, but wanted patience to make myself perfect, before a fresh pursuit engaged my attention. I learned to fence tolerably well, and was very expert with the *single stick*. In 1762 the young man (W. Pickett) who had been my elder apprentice, got embarrassed, and thrown into the King's Bench for debt. As soon as I was acquainted with his situation, I visited him. There appeared nothing of what I conceived to be a prison except the door of admission, and high walls. There was a coffee-room and a tap-room, both filled with persons drinking, though it was Sunday, and I had never before seen such a number of profligates and prostitutes, unabashed, without fears, without blushes. I thought, to be sure, all the wicked people in London had got together there. With this impression I hastened to his mother's, who lived in Denmark-street, and told her to get him out directly, or he would be lost—he would be ruined *for ever*. I visited him several times during his confinement, which was not of long duration, nor did it seem any punishment: he felt much less for himself than I felt for him. What became of him after he was liberated I know not: I believe he went to sea: I never saw him afterwards. My ideas of a prison not being at all answered in the King's Bench, I procured admission into Newgate, as far as the press-yard and the room extending over the street, which had a windmill ventilator. In this room all the prisoners were in irons, and amongst them, one, a very stout man, seemingly at the point of death. The tap-room was lighted by lamps, though it was noon day, and struck me with horror: the shocking imprecations, and the rattling of the

chains, the miserable wretches ragged and drunk, frightened me so, that it was some time before I durst venture into another prison. I had gone alone into the tap, without knowing any person for whom I could enquire, and was glad to leave a shilling for a gallon of beer to secure my person from insult.

About six months afterwards, going down Wood-street when a felon was being taken to gaol, I went and peeped through the apertures of the wooden-grated door, and the turnkey said I might go in; yes, but, says I, will you let me out again? he said he would; so in I went, and looking down a very long flight of steps, a cellar seemed full of people in irons, drinking; this was called the tap-room, but I had been so frightened in Newgate that I durst not venture down. So, putting threepence into the turnkey's hand, for a pot of beer, was glad when I got into the street again. I concluded that all the gaols in which felons were confined were the same, and my curiosity would bring me to some mischief, therefore dropt the pursuit. In 1766, being then in my 22d year, I had a desire to see my friends in Cheshire; but I took the stage only to Derby, intending to pass one day there, to see if the gaol was like those in town. This gaol had not been long built, and the situation was both airy and healthy; there was a large dungeon in it down a few steps, but in every respect it was so much better than Newgate or Wood-street, that it gave me courage to visit others before my return. The conveyance by the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal to Warrington cost me but sixpence; and for about half a crown more I reached Liverpool, and from thence to Chester for a few shillings. As I had never seen either of these places, I carefully concealed the motives of my visits, particularly from my uncle, who doated upon me, and made his will during my stay, in which he left me almost the whole of his property. At Liverpool there was the same promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, the same drunkenness going forward, which I had observed in London; but the dungeons were worse, and so very offensive I did not stay to examine into them. In the Bridewell I saw a ducking-stool com-

plete, the first I had ever seen ; we had two at Knutsford : one in a pond near the Higher Town, and another in a pond near the Lower Town, where the school-boys were accustomed to bathe : in these, scolding and hawling women were ducked ; but the standard in each, was all that remained in my memory. I never remembered them used, but this at Liverpool enables me to describe it. A standard was fixed for a long pole, at the extremity of which was fastened a chair, on this the woman was placed, and soused three times under water till almost suffocated. At Liverpool, the standard was fixed in the court, and a bath made on purpose for ducking ; but why in a prison this *wanton* and *dangerous* severity was exercised on *women*, and not on *men*, I could no where learn. This mode of punishment seems formerly to have been general, for it is in the memory of persons now (1806) living, when a machine of this kind was in the Green Park. This, however, was not the only cruel punishment used at this Bridewell, for the women were flogged *weekly* at the whipping-post. In the polite city of Chester I expected to find better prisons ; a better police I certainly did. The keeper appeared to me to be a civil humane man ; but, as I went down steps, near seven yards below the court, to visit the dungeons, I almost now feel the horror with which I was then struck. There were six of them, very small, and as dark as pitch ; three felons slept in each every night ; not a breath of air but what was admitted thro' a small hole in the door. The same drinking and intercourse of the sexes as in Liverpool and London. The dungeon of the North-gate was yet worse than those of the Castle ; it was nearly as deep, and had 14 inches deep of water in it. These subterraneous places, which are totally dark, are beyond your imagination horrid and dreadful. On my return to London I do not recollect visiting any prisons ; till, in 1768, I re-visited my native country, calling at Derby as before. My uncle died soon after I came down, having quitted the farming business in a short time after I left him in 1760. I was now out of my

apprenticeship, and had taken up my freedom of the city. This year I employed myself in embanking some meadow land to protect my tenant from again suffering the great loss which the floods of a preceding year had occasioned. The large sum of money requisite to set up as a jeweller, made me hesitate whether I should go into business or not. The first thing I did was to pay off the legacies and incumbrances on my father's estate, which I did by selling some detached property. My rental then was not sufficient to support me as a gentleman, and I returned to London to consult my friends. They were unanimously in favour of trade, and their opinion was decisive. In 1770 I settled in St. James's-street, and immediately made it known to those ladies and gentlemen who, when I was an apprentice, had promised me their support. At this time French fashions were prevalent, and I thought a trip to Paris would give me a sanction and advantage. My house was under the care of my excellent aunt, and I left my shop to the care of a jeweller with whom I had been long acquainted, and set out, accompanied by Mr. Thomas Evans, bookseller, of King-street, Covent Garden. This gentleman could speak French fluently, and had several Correspondents at Paris. On our arrival at Calais we went to see the prison, and likewise at St. Omer's and Dunkirk, and the city prison at Lille ; there were, I think, no prisoners in any of them. Some years afterwards, I visited Sir William Burnaby, bart. who resided there, but he was not willing to accompany me to the prison in the Citadel, and I could not gain admittance. When we arrived at Paris, I got, through the interest of a bookseller, admission into a prison called Fon l'Eveque, and Petit Chatelet. The dungeons were dreadful, and, I then thought, worse than any I had seen in England. There were several prisoners in both, but I think not in irons. My recollection of them is, however, very imperfect. Col. (afterwards Sir Eyre) Coote lodged in the same hotel with us, and I made application to see the Bastille, but was unsuccessful. Mr. Evans said he believed I was prison-

mad, and that my impertinent curiosity would perhaps send us both to prison : after this reproof I was silent on the subject. He however accompanied me to many of the hospitals, which appeared to be affectionately attended by some female religious order : and this I observed in the provincial gaols, which in my several visits to France I visited. On my return home I found I had lost a diamond ring, in the place of which some sharpers had substituted one of paste.

Fresh imported from Paris, from whence I had brought many curious articles, my shop soon became visited by carriages, and I found my business increase beyond my capital ; but I found no difficulty in borrowing 500*l.* ; which, with the frugal management of my aunt in my household concerns, soon opened flattering prospects. In 1772 a sermon was preached on behalf of persons imprisoned for small debts, at which I was present. A general approbation of the idea was declared, and a few of us formed ourselves into a committee, and visited the prisons to search out proper objects. The distress and extreme wretchedness to which we were eye-witnesses, determined us to lay an account before the publick, who instantly caught the flame, and enabled us to reach out the hand of pity to a very large number of miserable sufferers in confinement.

In May 1773, the Society for the Relief and Discharge of persons imprisoned for Small Debts, was instituted or formed ; and, in 1774, I was unanimously elected the Treasurer. At this time I visited some of the prisons in and about the metropolis, and reported upon them every week. The finances of our Society increased, and my visits and inquiries extended ; so that in a few years I had travelled over a very considerable part of the kingdom.

In 1778 I married the eldest daughter of John Camden, of Battersea, esq. by whom I had two sons and a daughter.

In 1779 I went through Flanders into Germany, and getting acquainted with Col. (afterwards Gen.) Dalton, I was, through his interest permitted to visit *La Maison de Force*, at Ghent. This was, without exception, the best

planned and the best regulated prison I had seen before, or, I think, since. It is situated near a canal ; the plan octagon ; separate courts for men vagrants and men criminals ; one side is for women, and in the middle of their court is a basin of water for washing the linen of the house ; and a large wooden horse, to ride by way of punishment ; their bed-rooms uniform, and in a range, something like Chelsea Hospital ; every range opens into a gallery or lobby, which is open to the air of the court : the prisoner has an uniform clothing, with the number of his room. The work-rooms are on the ground floor, and there were more than 100 prisoners, with only one person to superintend them ; he was on one end of the room, with a desk before him, and a large book, in which were entered the names of the prisoners, the crimes for which they were committed, the time of imprisonment, from one to twenty years, according to their crimes ; the day the work was begun, the day it was finished, the measure of the piece, the task due per day, observations, such as sick, lame, &c. &c. and deficiency of task, punishment, &c. &c. &c. Though this room was so crowded, not a word was spoken by any of the prisoners during the time we inspected it ; no noise or confusion, all were silent and attentive to their work ; in short, it appeared a most noble institution. A few days after, being at Ghent, I think in 1784, having no acquaintance there, I could not gain admission ; but was told the manufactory was destroyed, and the whole in a very bad state. At Bruges the prison is on a much smaller scale ; some were employed in making clothes, and others in making saddles, bridles, &c. &c. for the army. In 1780 I had the honour of the King's commission in a corps of volunteer infantry, in which I was actively employed, till there was no further occasion for our services. In 1781 I visited Warwick Gaol, and in the dungeons caught the gaol fever or distemper. Mr. Roe, the keeper, was too ill to accompany me, and sent his turnkey. Roe's death was, I believe, accelerated by drinking. When I found myself sick, which was almost immediately, I took a post chaise to Stratford,

where I arrived just as the coach was setting out to London. I got into it, and soon reached St. James's-street. I did not, however, recover for some time. This sickness, and my young family, made me more cautious of entering dungeons, which had now become less necessary, from the labours of the immortal Howard, whose visits and inquiries comprehended every class of prisoners, whilst mine were particularly directed to the debtors.

I did not wholly abstain from making remarks on felons, particularly in the dungeons of the two prisons at Chester and Liverpool.

The acts which passed in consequence of the benevolent Howard's Reports, produced an immediate and general reform in prison police, by the abolition of taps. Several new gaols were built, in which solitary cells supplied the place of dungeons; and, in many prisons, women were not loaded with irons. From this period to 1791 my visits were less frequent, and extended to the country, as business would permit.

This year I lost a most amiable wife, my own health was rapidly on the decline, and my business increased beyond my abilities or power to manage. In 1792, having only two sons to provide for, I retired from business with a very ample fortune; and, as my health became restored, recommenced my prison visits and inquiries, reports of which (as far as related to debtors) I made regularly, at the meetings of the committee, in Craven-street. In 1800, when the excessive dearness of provisions, and the difficulties of the poorer classes of the people required an extraordinary relief, the necessity of a general visit and inquiry into the state of all the gaols struck me very forcibly.

I set about it immediately, and in 1801* published my first Account of Debtors, by which it appeared there were 39 prisons in England and Wales which did not furnish the *debtor* with any allowance whatever; and in these there were, in the month of April 1800, 427 persons confined in this wretched

state of captivity. Lord Romney, as President of our Society, did me the honour of presenting this book to the King, and his Majesty was pleased most graciously to receive it. The approbation with which it was honoured by the public, together with the very considerable benefactions to the Society for Relief of Persons imprisoned for Small Debts in consequence of it, induced me to publish a new and more copious edition, in 1802, and likewise extend my visits to Scotland and Wales.

As I kept a diary, so I wrote to my benevolent friend Dr. Lettsom, an account of the most striking occurrences; and to his suggestions alone the publishing my prison remarks owe their origin. It had been my constant practice, in my various prison excursions during a period of 30 years, to wait upon the magistrates, particularly of cities and boroughs, and respectfully to represent what I saw amiss in their gaols, I was always received with cordiality and kindness; and, as they were struck with compassion at the recital, reform was determined upon, and resolutions entered into; but, after a lapse of eight or ten years, guess my surprize, when I found nothing done! So total and general a neglect must be produced by some cause. I inquired into it, and found many who were magistrates, from local situations, and before they were acquainted with its duties, were out of the commission; others, whose active situations in commerce denied them time; some, who had large families, were afraid to venture *inside* of the prison; and many were numbered with the dead. Under these discouraging circumstances I had almost despaired, when Providence raised up a man, by whose labour the cloud was dispelled; and that life, hitherto spent uselessly, became fruitful. If Howard owed any thing to Fothergill, I am in a ten-fold degree indebted to Dr. John Coakley Lettsom. He first suggested, nay, requested permission to publish some of those crude remarks, which I had sent for his perusal, and by which communication I had found a sensible relief: they were begun and continued without

* The two-penny loaf in London, August 1793, weighed 21 ounces. In March 1801, the two-penny loaf in London weighed only six ounces.

design ; written in the hours of fatigue, lassitude, sickness, and the bustle of inns ; little calculated to appear before the public, except in matters of fact.

These remarks on prisons were introduced with a preface, which caused a general sensation, and brought a degree of celebrity on the Visitor of Prisons he neither desired nor deserved ; whilst it enriched his funds as Treasurer to the Society for Small Debts, in the sum of 328*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*, evidently occasioned by the reading the Gentleman's Magazine, in which they were inserted.

The benevolence of my friend did not rest here ; for, as he was no stranger to the *inside* of the prison-house, so did he frequently accompany me to those abodes of guilt and misery, and suggest what his professional skill so well enabled him to do, to my great advantage, and the prisoners' comforts. Many new gaols are now (1806) building ; and, from the alterations and improvements which have been making these four years, and are now daily making, the particulars of which my 'State of Prisons' will notice, my visits will become less necessary. As soon as this work is published, and I can provide for my necessary absence, I propose visiting Ireland ; and happy will the short remaining period of my life be spent, if I can suggest to a brave and generous people, any improvements in their prison police, and of which I am informed there is much need.

[The Memoir here terminates, but not so the benevolent labours of Mr. Neild. His health did not, however, allow him to visit Ireland as he intended ; but he continued to inspect the various prisons of England, Scotland, and Wales, and to suggest numerous improvements, both in regard to the construction of the wards, and the internal management of these establishments. In 1812 he published the 'State of Prisons,' above alluded to, in a large and very elegant 4to volume, with a portrait of the author. It is a work teeming with valuable information.

He continued his exertions, as Treasurer of the Society for Small Debts, until the time of his death, which took place Feb. 16, in the year 1814.

April 1817. T. J. PETTIGREW.]

ON JAMES NEILD, ESQ. LL.D.

By Miss PORTER.

Hence the true Christian, lord of appetite,
The conqueror of low but fierce resentments
Which in a painful fever keep the soul
Free from impediments, pursues with ardour
All that adorns and meliorates the man ;
That polishes our life, or soothes its ills.
Where'er Compassion with her glist'ning eye
Points to the squalid cottage of Affliction,
Jews, Moors, and Infidels, are all his Brethren.
Could he, in some remote and barbarous land,
By powerful gold, or salutary arts,
Make pale Distress give way to blooming Joy,
He'd traverse wilds or swelling seas to court
The god-like office ; his expanded heart
In every climate feels himself at home.

VARIETIES :

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

A NEW CHANCE of AIR for CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS.

DR. Wells some time ago proved, by authentic documents, that consumption was infinitely less prevalent in those fenny counties where agues prevail, than in the otherwise most healthy counties of England.

A young lady very far gone in consumption, applied to the doctor for advice ; and as he thought she could only be

saved by uncommon methods, he advised a removal to a very aguish part of Essex. He accompanied her to a relative's house on the spot. The consequence was, that within three days, she was seized with a tertian ague, and never coughed once after the second fit. He kept her there until she had seven returns of the paroxysm, and then bringing her to town, he easily stopped the ague by proper remedies.—*New Mon. Mag.*

ILLUSTRATION OF PROVERBS, &c.

MERRY ANDREW.

Formerly every itinerant quack doctor, who made a practice of haranguing the people at fairs and markets, was attended by a buffoon, dressed in a motley garb, and whose business lay in playing tricks for the amusement of the spectators, while his master cheated them out of their money. The servant was invariably named "Merry Andrew;" but it is singular enough that the original Andrew was the doctor himself, being no less a man than Andrew Borde, a native of Pevensey in Sussex, and bred at Oxford, where he took a degree and then became a Carthusian in London: but disliking the severity of that order, he quitted it, and studied physic, for which purpose, and being of a rambling disposition, he travelled over the greatest part of Europe, and even into Africa. On his return he settled first at Winchester, but in 1541 he went to Montpellier, where he took his doctor's degree, which was confirmed to him afterwards by the University of Oxford. The practice of Andrew Borde, notwithstanding his education and the honour which he enjoyed of being physician to Henry the Eighth, ill became the gravity of his profession; for it was his custom to travel about from town to town, entertaining the populace in public with witty stories, while he administered to their complaints. On this account he obtained the name of "Merry Andrew," and when he died, several empirics arose, who, having neither his knowledge nor his humour, endeavoured to make up for both by hiring some lively and agile fellows, whose business it was to play tricks and put the crowd into good humour.—*New Mon. Mag.*

ROMANCES.

There is a romance little known, entitled "Galienus restored," which, from the specimen which an ingenious French writer gives of it, must probably be very interesting. The account of a visit, which, the author says, Charlemagne and his twelve peers paid to an Emperor Hugo, at Constantinople, and the reception which that prince gave to them, is, as the same writer expresses it, "Une des plus grand naivetez qu'on ait jamais ecrites." After a magnificent en-

tertainment, these noble guests were conducted to a sumptuous bed-chamber, by the Prince Tiberius and the beautiful Princess Jacqueline. Thirteen pompous beds ornamented the vast apartment; that in the middle was for Charlemagne, who, being in no humour for sleeping, proposed to amuse himself and his twelve companions by a species of conversation, which the author of the romance calls "Gaber," and which consisted in making the most ridiculous rhodomontades. He began with vaunting that, with his good sword Joyeuse, he could cut a man in twain, although defended by the best tempered armour. Orlando, his nephew, professed, that by one blast of his horn he would level with the ground fifty fathom of the walls of Constantinople. Ogier, the Dane, undertook to overturn the edifice in which they had been entertained, merely by tying a cord round the centre pillar of the hall, and exerting his force in pulling at it. In short, every peer had his peculiar boast, and that of the Marquis Oliver was the only one which distinguished itself from the rest; but, unluckily, from its ludicrous nature, even it cannot be repeated. The "Gabs" being completed, the party composed themselves to sleep, with a calmness of mind which they would hardly have possessed, had they known what was to befall them the next morning. For it chanced, that the Emperor Hugo, who had expected that from the conversation of thirteen such paragons of valour and wisdom he should gain documents of importance towards the good government of his empire, had placed a spy, concealed in a hollow column, who was directed to note every word which passed, and to report it in the morning. The person appointed executed his commission faithfully; and having, by means of a private staircase, acquainted Hugo with the whole conversation, he was so much disappointed to find, in the room of the maxims which he expected, a pack of improbable lies, that, forgetful of the laws which hospitality enjoins, he sent word to the whole party, by a her-

* From "Gaber," it is supposed, is derived "The gift of a Gab," which has much the same sense as is mentioned above. Gab, or Gob, is used in the North to signify mouth.

ald, that unless they performed each man his "gab," completely and without deceit, he had taken a solemn oath to hang up every one of them, not excepting the venerable Charlemagne himself. It is certain that nothing but a very bitter aversion to liars could have driven the good prince to this hasty measure, since he was obliged, in the execution of it, to expose the honour of his family in a very delicate point. The remainder of the story is somewhat too long, rather too profane, and much too free, for this work: wherefore those who wish to know how Charlemagne and his peers were extricated from the scrape must consult Menage, who will inform them of the unprecedented condescension and humanity of the fair Princess Jacqueline, and of the very indifferent figure which a celestial messenger made by undertaking a business *quite out of his line*.

SAILORS.

The race of sailors are so truly eccentric, that notwithstanding the numberless anecdotes with which they supply conversation, there are many interesting circumstances relative to their very peculiar character yet left untold. Like other arts, that of navigation possesses a number of technical terms peculiar to itself. The sailor forms these into a language, and introduces them, without hesitation, into all companies, on all occasions, and, generally, with brilliant success, as nautical expressions are pointed, humorous, and easily adapted to the situations of common life.

Inured to hardships, to dangers, and to a perpetual change of companions, the seaman contracts a species of stoicism which might raise the envy even of a Diogenes. "Avast there!" cried a sailor to his comrade, who was busied in heaving overboard the lower division of a messmate just cut in halves by a chain-shot, "Avast! let us first see if he has not got the key of our mess-chest in his pocket!"

As their enjoyments are simple and few, sailors are equally at home at Port Royal, Halifax, Canton, Cape Coast Castle, or the Point at Portsmouth.

From the admiral to the cabin-boy, their attachment to the fair-sex is earnest, lasting, and almost indiscriminate. The wives of seafaring men are far from be-

ing remarkable for beauty or youth, yet few women live happier in the conjugal state, as the heartiness, the sincerity, and the general good humour (not to mention the *frequent absences*) of their mates, make ample amends for those small deficiencies, as to delicacy or politeness, which they sometimes might complain of.

Two of the brightest points in the character of a seaman seems to be, intrepidity and presence of mind. Without partiality we may say, that it is in the British mariner particularly that these qualities are to be observed. In the hour of extreme danger, he does not, like the Portuguese, the Italian, or the Russ, either ask assistance from, or denounce vengeance against, his patron saint. No, he trusts to his own agility and resolution for safety; and if he imprecates curses on *any* head, it is on his own, or on that of some *lubber* who is not as active as himself in the general work of preservation.

Superstition and profaneness, those extremes of human conduct, are too often found united in the sailor; and the man who dreads the stormy effects of drowning a cat, or of whistling a country-dance, while he leans over the gunwale, will too often wantonly defy his Creator by the most daring execrations and the most licentious behaviour. But most assuredly he is thoughtless of the fault he commits, and (like the poor* fellow who spied land, after many days intolerable sufferings of hunger and thirst in the boat of the shipwrecked Centaur) thinks that he is at liberty to express his gratitude, or his distress, by the methods which to him appear most apt and most expressive.

But the sailor's character must not be dismissed, without some notice being taken of that fraternal regard which reigns among them *all*, let the outside of *some* be ever so rugged. No tie of freemasonry, no oath, no bond of society, can unite any denomination of mankind together as *sailors* are united. It is in the most trying situations of life that the effects of this union are most seen. If a sea-officer dies, leaving a family behind him unprovided for, his sons become the children of his frater-

* See "Captain Inglefield's Narrative."

nity, and are handed up in life, by their father's friends, from one station to another in the service, until they are enabled to provide for themselves. As a proof of this emanation of genuine philanthropy, amongst this gallant race of men, the following circumstance may be properly brought forward.

Not many years past, an unknown benefactor gave three hundred pounds per annum, to be divided among thirty sea-officers' widows. In order to appreciate the merit of the competitors, each who applies brings in a list of her children, and how they are provided for.

We have with pleasure remarked, that there is scarcely the name of one male, among the numerous offspring of thirty mothers, but what has some provision in the navy, and is, at least, in the right road to an honourable competence. — *Europ. Mag.*

An unfortunate accident befel a STEAM-BOAT within the month at Norwich, which has damped the ardour of many friends to their general introduction. We have taken some pains to enquire into the circumstances, and we find no ground of alarm, or any just ground of objection to steam-boats generally, more than might be taken against culinary fires, or lamps, or candles, from their occasionally setting houses on fire and burning persons to death; or against stage-coaches, which are so often fatally upset; or against horses, which kill above a thousand persons in England annually; or to ships and boats, which are cause of the death of tens of thousands in every year. Multitudes of the most powerful steam-engines are in daily use in every part of Great Britain, yet how seldom are they a cause of any fatal catastrophe. In this new application of them, an accident may be likely to result from inexperience; and in this instance, at Norwich, the conductors of the boat are reported to be exceedingly blameable. It appears there was an opposition steam-boat, and, in order that one might go off in high style, and run a-head of the other, the regulating valve was so fastened down that, when the danger became apparent, it could not be raised, and an explosion of the confined steam was inevitable. A law should punish proven

wantonness of this kind, in an exemplary manner, and forbid the use of high-pressure engines such as this in steam-boats, as a security to passengers, and as a protection to a navigating power so essential in opposing the current of rivers. In this Magazine a foreign correspondent has suggested the application of a greater and a safer power than steam, which is worthy of attention; and, in the use of steam itself, the fears of the public may be removed by employing the steam-engine in a separate vessel, with which to tow that which is laden with passengers or goods. Our readers, too, cannot have forgotten, that we lately submitted to them the project of a TEAM OR HORSE BOAT, the machinery of which may be worked by horses as in a common horse-mill; while the keep of the horses amounts, it is said, to less than the expence of the fuel in a steam-boat.

Madame STAEL is said to have sold her Memoirs of M. Neckar to an association of English, French, and German editors, for 4000*l.*; the work is to appear in the three languages at one time.

Dr. DRAKE, the elegant author of the Literary Hours, has a new work in the press, entitled, Shakspeare and his Times; including the biography of the poet, criticism on his genius and writings, a disquisition on the object of his sonnets, a new chronology of his plays, and a history of the manners, customs and amusements, superstitions, poetry, and elegant literature, of his age.

We learn from the last London Medical Journal, that *Datura Stramonium* has been exhibited with success in the form of tincture, in asthmatic and catarrhal cases, by Mr. WARD, of Sloane-street; and it merits notice, that Dr. MARCET has found an extract of *Stramonium* efficacious in a very violent case of sciatica and tic douloureux.

In the same Medical Journal, Mr. BEECH, a chemist of Manchester, on the important subject of gas-lights, states, that the oil of bitumen, or coal-tar, is considered by those who make and burn gas, as waste; but, if coal-tar be mixed with dry saw-dust, spent logwood, or fustic, to the consistence of paste, and the same remain until the water be drained

off, 2cwt. of the mass put into the retort, instead of coals, will produce more gas, and be less offensive, than the same weight of canal coal : and the process may be repeated till the whole of the tar is consumed into gas. This, he says, will not only be a saving of about one half the expence of coals, but will add to cleanliness and neatness, as the residuum is well known to have a very offensive odour.

Early in the ensuing month will be published, a Narrative of a Voyage to Hudson's Bay, in the national ship Rosamond ; containing some account of the north-eastern coast of America, and of the tribes inhabiting the remote region; illustrated with plates, by Lieut. EDW. CHAPPELL, of the British navy.

The journal of CAPT. TUCKEY holds out no encouragement to prosecute the researches into that part of Africa which he visited. Beyond the determination of a geographical problem, there is, it is said, not a single benefit to be derived. The inhabitants are represented as of the lowest scale of human beings, and have nothing to offer in exchange. The soil is hard and sterile : from the river Congo to the extremity of the progress into the interior, a distance of 30 miles, it was observed that the ravines only were covered with a thick mould ; the rest of the ground was rocky and full of stones. The scientific gentlemen, it is added, employed in the expedition, felt no interest in exploring this desert region, beyond what arose from the mere circumstance of their treading upon ground which till then had never been trod by any European. Intelligence has been received that Major Peddie, who commanded the other expedition, which was intended to penetrate from Senegal through the deserts to the banks of the Niger, has also fallen a victim to the climate. He died before he had reached the banks of the river, and was succeeded in the command by Lieut. Campbell, who, we understand, proceeded to carry into execution the object of the expedition.

Two lizards were lately discovered in a chalk-bed in Suffolk, sixty feet below the surface, and the publication of this fact has given rise to the following affidavit—"We, William Mills and John Fisher, both of the parish of Tipton in

the county of Stafford, do hereby certify and declare, that a few years ago, in working in a certain coal-pit belonging to the Right Honourable Viscount Dudley and Ward, at which is called the Pieces in the parish of Tipton aforesaid, and on cleaving or breaking the stratum of coal called the stone coal, which is about four feet thick, and in that situation lies about fifty yards from the earth's surface—we discovered a living reptile, of the snake or adder kind, lying coiled up, imbedded in a small hollow cell within the said solid coal, which might be about 20 tons in weight. The reptile when discovered visibly moved, and soon afterwards crept out of the hole ; but did not live longer than ten minutes on being exposed to the air. The hollow in which it lay was split or cloven in two by means of an iron wedge ; and was rather moist at the bottom, but had no visible water. It was nearly the size of a common tea-saucer ; and the reptile was about nine inches long, of a darkish ashy colour, and a little speckled."

It is to be regretted that men of genius should ever mistake the path in which nature has qualified them to walk with grace and freedom. This appears to have been the case with Mr. MATURIN, whose abilities, splendid as they undoubtedly are, seem fitted rather for the displays of poetic enchantment, and the reveries of a magnificent imagination, than for the portraiture of dramatic substantialities, or the creation of natural character. MANUEL is a beautiful and highly-coloured *poem*, of which the conceptions are vigorous, and the language is eloquent ; but which, we apprehend, will scarcely become a theatrical favourite inasmuch as its declamatory tone and deficiency of incident, which, in the closet might be overlooked, give to this last offspring of Mr. Maturin's Muse, a character too remote from, and foreign to, the varied action and brief diction required by the genius of the drama.

BRINE BATH RECOMMENDED *to be kept in FAMILIES* by DR. SIMS.

Take as many gallons of water as will fill the third of the bathing tub you intend to use. To this add about as much common sea salt as there is water ; if the water be boiling at the time of using

it, the whole will be immediately dissolved ; if not, some of the salt will remain granulated at the bottom at first, but will be gradually dissolved afterwards. This bath will keep good any number of years, and is not expensive in the end. Nervous, weak persons, for whom bracing is requisite, often cannot bear a bath of common water—nay, even of sea water ; but they will always bear this without injury. It may be employed in the midst of frost and snow without danger of catching cold. Persons come out of it with a glow on their skin, and very agreeable sensations. A sponge or towel may also be wetted with the brine, and used all over the body where the bathing-tub cannot.

The admirers of elegant disquisition, and chaste and lively humour, have recently been favoured by two very pleasant volumes, published under the title of '*The Round Table*.' This work, consisting of essays printed under the same denomination in the *Examiner*, are now collected together and given to the world with additions and improvements. The title of '*Round Table*' originated in the agreement of a knot of friends, to supply a series of essays on literature and manners, for the Journal above-mentioned ; but the plan was followed up only by two of them—Messrs. Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt. Assumed character, at this time, is rather an incumbrance than an advantage to popular dissertation ; and the ingenious lucubrations of these two gentlemen as now given to the world, are relieved by dropping an expedient, which, from continual repetition has become vapid and tedious. The '*Round Table*' is, therefore, to be considered simply as a brief collection of essays, rendered peculiarly attractive by the well-known fineness of tact of the two contributors, and the exquisite originality of mind, and breathing freedom displayed in their critical observations, especially upon the poets ; and, above all, upon Shakspeare. The view taken of men and manners, too, evinces the same polished acumen ; and there is little doubt but this small work will find a welcome place in the libraries of the polished and cultivated portion of British society.

2X ATHENEUM VOL. I. •

RHEUMATISM.

Light infusions of ginger alone, taken twice or thrice a day, have been found very efficacious by the French surgeons in rheumatic affections. The pains are rendered at first more excruciating—then follows copious perspiration and relief.

Exhibition of the SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS.

Every succeeding year of this exhibition presents fresh claims to public patronage. The list of its members comprises many, who by their talent and industry are not only highly creditable to the Society, but who cast around the British school of art some of its choicest honours. In the department of historical painting it is decidedly inferior to the Royal Academy or Royal Institution ; but in landscape painting it may claim a superiority over any annual exhibition in London or in Paris. The pencil of Turner, of Callcott, and of a few others, adorn and ennoble the walls of the institutions boasting a royal name, but the remaining productions in this branch of the art are imbecile and inferior, and in number far exceed their more meritorious companions ; whilst in the exhibition of this modest but excellent society the great proportion of pictures in landscape painting, possess at least the merit of being well studied and well composed, and most of them are of a very high and valuable character, both to the artists themselves and to the arts of Britain. Warm, however, as we are in our approbation of the beautiful landscapes, to some of the few historical compositions which occur, we must direct the primary notice of our readers :—

Hermia and Helena. JOSEPH SEVERN.

Hel. " We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler," *Mid. Night Dream.*

This is an elegant and masterly illustration of one of those beautiful images of Shakspeare, which unites the peculiarly tender recollections of infancy, and the cemented feelings of maturer years. Two sylph-like figures are seen, alike in form, alike in poetical and exalted character, occupied in creating "*both one flower, both one sampler*." A profusion of flowers are scattered around their embroidery,

and the light coming in solely at one window, throws an equal and undivided light on the two figures. A more congenial union of painting and poetry we never saw ; and we entreat Mr. Severn (whose works till now have escaped our observation) to pursue a path which he is so well qualified to tread, and to occupy his pencil in embodying the scattered and lovely passages of him, "*who was not for an age, but for all time.*"

Latona, and the Lycian Peasants,

J. CRISTALL,

Is a very beautiful picture in oils, a style but latterly adopted by the painter. He has however succeeded in maintaining his peculiar character of force and importance. His figures remind one strongly of the antique ; a breadth of muscle, and boldness of contour is observable, which is rarely found in union with so much knowledge of landscape painting. The goddess is seen clasping to her exhausted breast her two infants, the surly and barbarous clowns not only refusing water to her parched lips, but purposely rendering it unfit and foul. The scenery is beautiful and romantic ; the marshy spring covered with floating vegetation is admirably managed, and the accompaniments are so characteristic that one expects every moment to see the deserved punishment befall the clowns, and witness their transformation into frogs.

The Judgment of Daniel. BROKEDON.

This picture, the production of a gentleman, with whose works we have been hitherto unacquainted, promises many of the first requisites of an historical composition. The story is delightfully and feelingly told. The grouping is picturesque and natural, and the colouring and management of the subordinate parts perfectly just and happy. The Elders, who have been just detected in their fruitless endeavour to vituperate Susannah, are on the one hand of Daniel, and on the other hand, the husband exulting in the complete acquittal of his injured wife, and the intended victim herself in meek and grateful adoration, turning her tear-swollen eye to that heaven which has befriended her innocence and virtue. Her aged father, and the other kindred of her house, evince strongly

the part they bear in the general joy occasioned by the result of this painful trial. The figure of Daniel is very well conceived and executed. The husband is a fine picture of robust manhood, and the wife exhibits the dark commanding character of Jewish beauty in great perfection. The flesh of the legs of the executioner, whose back is towards the spectators, is rather too smooth and glossy, but it is almost invidious to seek for faults in a performance abounding as this does in beauties both of design and execution.

An Essay is printing on *Capacity and Genius* : endeavouring to prove that there is no original mental superiority between the most illiterate and the most learned of mankind, and that no genius, whether individual or national, is innate, but solely produced by, and dependant on, circumstances ; followed by an enquiry into the nature of ghosts and other appearances supposed to be supernatural.

Mr. HENRY RICHTER has presented the amateurs and professors of the fine arts with as pleasing an essay as we recollect to have seen, under the title of "*Day-light, a recent discovery in Painting.*" He has adopted the fiction of a dialogue between some modern critics and the ghosts of certain ancient painters, at an exhibition of their works, which is supported with great spirit and originality. The author is nevertheless more intelligent when he expresses his good common sense on the subject of Art, than when he wanders into the labyrinths of the Kantian philosophy, the due comprehension of which evidently depends more on faith than on reason. Every page, however, proves that Mr. Richter is a man of research and genius.

A new edition of Philidor on Chess is nearly ready, with considerable improvements, and an original portrait of the author.

Mons. DORION has discovered that the bark of the pyramidal ash, in powder, thrown into the boiling juice of the sugar-cane, effects its clarification ; the planters of Guadaloupe had given him 100,000 francs, and those of Martinique a like sum, for communicating his discovery.

We are reminded of the literary pleasures of our youth in the appearance of a third volume of *Mr. d'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature*. We remember no work since their first appearance, that has gratified our palate to an equal degree. They did not consist of sirloin & plum-pudding, but they presented a feast of sweetmeats and delicacies, derived from all seasons and countries, which were capable of gratifying a literary epicure. The present volume sparkles less with that vivacity of manner, which, in his former works, has sometimes been ascribed to the author as a fault;—in this feature he seems to have corrected himself, while, in his discrimination of subjects, he has been quite as happy as in his former volumes. His entire table of contents, is in truth, a list of curiosities, and no book ever answered better to its pretensions. The Historical Essay on Pantomimical Characters, on Charles the First and his Queen, and on Licensers of the Press, are peculiarly pleasing and original; the Anecdotes of Audley the Miser, of Felton, and of Tea and Coffee, are rare and curious; and the defences of Defoe, and of the partizans of Mary Stuart, are just and generous; while every article is marked by the good taste of its criticisms, by the propriety of its selection, and by the purity and elegance of its style. Mr. d'Israeli has had many imitators, and he must expect to see many others, but he will have few rivals in this walk of literature.

The grand desideratum of rendering sea water potable, seems at length to be attained by simple distillation. The French chemists have been unable to discover, in distilled sea-water, any particle of salt or soda in any form; and, it is ascertained, that one cask of coals will serve to distil six casks of water. A vessel going on a voyage of discovery by order of the French government, commanded by M. Freycinet, will only take fresh water for the first fortnight; but, instead thereof, coals, which will be but one-sixth of the tonnage; distilled sea-water being perfectly as good as fresh water that has been a fortnight on board.

POEMS.—In Poetry, Dr. SYMMONS' translation of the *Æneis*, from the magnitude & difficulty of the attempt, claims our first consideration. It is, we grant, a respec-

table performance—but when we compare it with the masterly and vehement version of Dryden, or even the inferior, though harmonious and correct, translation of Pitt—we are compelled to say, that Dr. Symmons does not shine with the lustre we could wish to behold in all the works of so excellent a man, and elegant a scholar. The *House of Mourning*, by Mr. JOHN SCOTT, is a poem replete with rich, but gloomy, fancy, such as may be imagined to characterise the efforts of a powerful imagination, exercised upon a subject so afflicting as the premature death of a darling and blooming son. We might advance a few legitimate objections as to metre and cadence, but sacred be the accents of sorrow, and revered the deep and heavy sadness that breathes in the lines of him—who *was* a father. Of Mr. P. BAYLEY's *Idwal*, we regret that we cannot speak in terms calculated to encourage the author in his design of publishing the poem, of which the present is only a part. The verse is labour-ed, tame, and diffuse, abounding in expletives, and deficient in the fire and energy, the *vivida vis animi* of poetic inspiration. The *Bower of Spring*, by the author of "the *Paradise of Coquettes*," is a beautiful effort of imagination; the diction is peculiarly soft and splendid, and the fancy of the reader is at once warmed and dazzled by the glowing loveliness of its conception and imagery.

In this department we are called upon with pleasure to notice a new production of the Nestor of modern poets, in an *Epistle to the Emperor of China, on his uncourtly and impolite Behaviour to the sublime Ambassador of Great Britain*, by Dr. JOHN WOLCOT (olim Peter Pindar, esq.) who, at the age of fourscore, has recalled to memory the age of the Lousiad. The motto indicates the resurrection of the veteran poet, after a silence of several years:—

"I, who dropp'd the Muse's quill,
And long had left the Aonian hill,
Start from my slumbers with my wonted might:
To scourge a monarch of the East,
For mocking monarchs of the West,
A lord of Britain, and advent'rous knight."

An advertisement annexed announces a lyric epistle to Lord Amherst and Sir George Staunton, by the same venerable and inimitable bard.—*Mon. Mag.*

POETRY.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

The two following pieces are from Poems by
Miss CAMPBELL, just published.

STANZAS.

ALL hail, thou solitary star !
To me how dear thy dewy ray,
Which, kindly streaming from afar,
Illumes a pensive wand'rer's way.

By this sequester'd nameless stream,
Which strays the lonely valley thro',
And trembles to thy fairy beam,
Thee and the tranquil hour I woo.

For, while beneath thy lovely light
The misty mountains round me rise,
The world receding leaves my sight,
And daring fancy mounts the skies.

Forgetful of my sorrows here,
Entranc'd, I muse on joys to come,---
And far above thy lucid sphere
My trembling spirit seeks her home.

Then sweetly shine, thou ev'ning star !
And long, with dewy radiance pale,
Beam on these tow'ring hills afar,
And light this solitary vale.

BLITHE as the birds that wing the air,
Erewhile my mountain lyre I strung ;
And deem'd the rudest scenes an Eden fair,
Through which its wild notes rung ;---
The sterile vale, the green inconstant sea,
And barren heath-clad hills, were all to me.

But now no more they give delight,
As in departed days, I ween ;
For gloomy Sorrow's long and starless night
Envelopes ev'ry scene ;
The zephyr's wing, that gently flutters by,
Scatters in air the frequent sigh.

Then, faithless flatt'rer, Hope, adieu !
Thy song no more can soothe my heart ;
Thy fairy pencil, dipp'd in rainbow hue,
No longer can impart
To this deluded breast one moment's joy ;
There pangs of cureless woe thy loveliest
scenes destroy.

Ah ! wherefore should this feeble hand
Essay again to strike the lyre ; [mand,
No cherish'd friendship shall the lay de-
Responsive to the wire ;
No seraph-voice of love or friendship dear,
Shall steal, like strains from heaven, upon
mine ear !

From the European Magazine.

STANZAS

From the Deserter, by Alfred Bunn, just
published.

IN every change of busy life,
Thro' paths of pleasure--scenes of strife--
By rapture mov'd, or grief oppress'd,
To find *one* gentle, constant breast ;
When misery dims the silent eye,
Or passion steals the trembling sigh ;
When madness darkens round the heart,
And cannot rest, nor will depart :

By many scorn'd, by most forgot,
To meet *one* smile that changes not ;
When every beam that shone before
So calmly clear, now shines no more ;
Thro' present ills, or tumults past,
To view *one* set not to the last ;
And, if reclaim'd from earth above,
Along the path where all is love,
The same sweet *Spirit*, there, to know,
That watch'd our hapless hours below :
A *Spirit*, *smile*, and *breast*, like *this*,
Of purest light, of softest bliss :
Engender'd here--enshrin'd in Heav'n---
The first and last to sorrow giv'n :
Bright, calm, and clear, and never less--
The full delight of happiness !

From the same.

ERIC AND AMABEL.

By the Author of *Legends of Lampidosa*, &c.

THRO' dark Salzberist's argent mine
New floods of sudden splendour shine ;
Down the deep gulf the lighted bark
Comes gliding like a meteor-spark,
While thro' the column'd cavern's maze
A thousand lamps of silver blaze ;
Unnumber'd torrents thunder round,
Unnumber'd echoing strokes resound,
From slaves that, grim in ghastly mirth,
Toil like the restless gnomes of earth.
Slow thro' their wan and livid throng
An awful stranger stalks along
The margin of the milky tide,
Whose waves the silver halls divide.
Musing he starts--"Are seraphs near,
To greet with songs a stranger's ear ?
In dens of slavery and death
Can mortals boast such tuneful breath ?"

"Hid in the chambers of yon cave,
Far stretch'd beyond the frozen wave,
Where scarce a lonely cresset burns,
Her wheel a gentle lady turns ;
To cheer a wretched husband's doom,
She lingers in our living tomb ;
Her eyes are dimm'd---but well her lips
Repay those lovely eyes' eclipse,
And while the sullen ore he smoothes ;
Her tender song his labour soothes ;
When Love is rash and Fortune kind,
Fortune and love they say, are blind ;
But Chance has veil'd her eyes to shew
That Beauty may be sightless too !"

"Is there such love," the stranger cried,
"On earth to feed a mortal's pride ?
Why wears he chains ?---Can faith so pure
The sordid touch of guilt endure ?
Such strains of holy harmony
Ev'n Hatred's self might hear and die."

"Long since upon the frozen bank
Of Mosko's isle a shallop sank ;
By Eric guided o'er the waste,
A noble exile's steps were trac'd ;
But drops of curdled gore reveal'd
His doom by secret murder seal'd ;

The above

His dying deer and shattered sledge
Lay bloody on the torrent's edge,
And scarce avenging Pow'r could wrest
From Eric's grasp his mangled vest,
Where hidden lay the precious ring
Rich with the signet of our king :
Thou seest his doom !"—With closer hold
The stranger prest his ermine's fold,
And turn'd his silent steps to find
Love in the cell of Woe enshrined.
She sleeps—her chamber's secret shade
The stranger's stealing steps invade ;
Swarth as a demon of the mines,
Sad Eric at her feet reclines,
And pausing, with a lover's sighs
Looks on her long-extinguish'd eyes,
Then breathes the tender thought which brings
Balm to the anguish whence it springs.

" 'Tis true---the rose has left thy cheek,
Thine eyes no longer shine,
And vulgar souls in vain may seek
The charm so priz'd by mine.
But there is one which loves to trace,
Amidst the ruins of that face,
Departed Beauty's shrine ;
There is an eye that could not dare
To lose the light still living there !

" Yet it is sad to think those eyes,
Now dim and sightless grown,
Had once the beam which love supplies,
And shone on me alone :
But sweeter 'tis to mourn the blind,
Than from unclouded eyes to find
The spark of kindness flown---
O ! it had been a pang too dire
To see that cherish'd spark retire !

" But thou art blest---for life's decay
Thine eye shall never see,
Nor trace the chill and blighting sway
Of ruthless time in me :
Thou canst not watch my transient sleep,
Nor grieve while by thy side I weep,
For joys withheld from thee !
Thou seest not how I hate the light
Which brings no blessings to thy sight !

" Still those dim eyes a speech possess
Which beauty's voice excels ;
The power of brightest eyes is less
Than in thy darkness dwells !
A light which asks no sunbeam's aid,
Thy earthly gloom dispels :
Fate may thy mortal sight remove,
But gives thee still the eye of love !"

* * * * *

She wakes---and from her mossy seat
Springs his returning voice to meet ;
Then scans with fingers soft and fair
His dewy brow and tangled hair---
" Cheerly, my love !---our board is spread
With spicy roes and honied bread---
See !---from the soft asbestos won,
My hands this downy web have spun,
Thy scorch'd and throbbing brow to veil
From fiery spark and burning gale :
But toil not thus !---my sightless eyes
Mourn not the loss of summer skies :
No winter in the clime can be,
Where Eric lives, and lives for me !"

" For thee, and only thee, my love,
Till ransom'd spirits meet above !
Sweet Amabel!--tho' ev'ry breath
Is here a lengthened sigh for death,

There is no darkness on thy brow---
Thou still art faithful---none but thou !
But thou wert guiltless---"

" Why that gasp ?
Why shrinks thy cold hand from my clasp ?"
He stiffens at her feet---his eyes
Have seen the dead before him rise !

" Eric awake ;---Gustavus calls !
For thee he seeks these dreary halls ;
Nor Pain, nor Shame, nor Pow'r has wrung
His secret from thy constant tongue.
He sank not in the wintry flood,
Where bandit-traitors sought his blood ;
Safe thro' the whirling waves he drew
To light and land thy firm canoe :
Thy foes lie low in Treason's grave,
In peace my rightful banners wave,
And he who to thy loyal breast
Came but a weak and wounded guest,
Returns a King !---Of Cimbria's realm
Thy faithful hand shall aid the helm ;
Come to my side, if Power can prove
More rich in gifts than duteous Love !"

Then thrice his beck'ning hand he rais'd---
The sable crowd around him gaz'd :
" Norwegians, hear !---a royal Swede
First gives to faith its royal meed :
From you I claim my sceptre's pride,
My bounteous host, my faithful guide !"

Shouts from the silver halls ascend,
Caves, rocks, and gulphs, their echoes blend ;
But Amabel !---an instant light
Burst thro' the film which veil'd her sight---
" And thou wert guiltless then !" she cried,
Clung to his conscious breast, and died.

* * * * *

There is no sound in Eric's sigh,
No language in his tearless eye ;
He feels the pang which passes speech,
The pang remembrance dares not reach !
Avails it now above the mine
Rich in its burnished spoils to shine ?
Pomp cannot rear a dome so fair
As Love, which built its temple there !

V.

From the European Magazine.

LINES SENT WITH A REPEATING- WATCH,

INSCRIBED " *Ah ! vous dirai-je ?* "

A H ! could it speak !---And there are few
Old time might plead so softly to,
For years of pain and care have past,
And on thy brow no snow-drops cast :
No wrinkle yet is there to shew
What Time might tell.

Ah ! would it speak !---if then thine ear
Should gentle tales incline to hear,
Thou might'st a secret legend learn
Of Hope that lives without return,
And whispers to the flying year,
" Soon Time shall tell !"

The shell upon the sea-rock's side
Still echoes to its native tide ;
Tho' motionless and cold it lies,
The list'ning ear may hear its sighs :
So pines the heart in sullen pride,
As Time shall tell.

It linger'd once in Sorrow's cave,
Then rose on Fortune's sparkling wave ;
But one disdain'd the prize, nor knew
The rarest pearl is dark in hue :
Shall none the slighted wand'rer save ?
Time comes to tell---

Now let the kind adviser teach,
Tho' feeble, brief, and slow in speech,
Like Friendship when it speaks in death,
Like Love which fears its own soft breath,
And leaves the word it cannot reach
For Time to tell.

Fair Lady ! Time is in thy hand---
Use it with touch discreet and bland,
And while it speeds on diamond feet,
Its golden tongue shall truth repeat---
But if thy heart can understand,
'Tis Time to tell.

March, 1817.

EXTRACTS

FROM LALLA ROOKH, BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

SONG.

FAREWELL, farewell to thee, Araby's
daughter !
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea,)
No pearl ever laid under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh fair as the seaflower, close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart ! till love's witch-
ery came
Like the wind of the South o'er a summer
lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music and wither'd its
frame !

But long upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the
doom

Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl
islands,
With nought but the tea-star to light up her
tomb.

And still when the merry date-season is
burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and
the old,
The happiest there from their pastime return-
ing

At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers
she dresses

Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till neglecting her
tresses,

She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall IRAN---Beloved of her hero !---for-
get thee---

Though tyrants watch over her tears as they
start, [thee,

Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her
heart.

Farewell---be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With every thing beauteous that grows in
the deep,

Each flower of the rock, and each gem of the
billow

Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ;
With many a shell in whose hollow wreath'd
chamber

We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have
slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie
darkling,

And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head ;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian
are sparkling, [bed.

And gather their gold to strew over thy

Farewell--farewell--until Pity's sweet foun-
tain [brave,

Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the
They'll weep for the chieftain who died on
that mountain,

They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in
this wave.

Note. Peri, pronounced Pairy, is the same word
with our Fairy, (which came to us from the Per-
sian,) and is to it analagous in meaning.

BENDEMEER'S STREAM.

A SONG.

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bendemeer's
stream,

And the nightingale sings round it all the
day long ;

In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet
dream

To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its music I never forget :

But oft when alone in the bloom of the year
I think---is the nightingale singing there yet ;
Are the roses still bright by the calm Ben-
demeer ?

No---the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er
the wave ;

But some blossoms were gathered while
freshly they shone,

And a dew was distilled from their flowers,
that gave

All the fragrance of summer when summer
was gone.

Thus Memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year.

Thus bright to my soul as 'twas then to my
eyes, [Bendemeer.

Is that bower on the banks of the calm

SONG.

TELL me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss
Truer, happier than the love
Which enslaves our souls in this !

Tell me not of Houris' eyes !
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Would like some that burn below !

Who that feels what love is here ;---
All its falsehood---all its pain---
Would for e'en Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again !

Who, that 'midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they !

SONG.

(FROM THE SAME)

I KNOW where the winged visions dwell
That around the night-bed play,
I know each herb and flowret's bell
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flow'rs will fade.

The image of love that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine-flower, that sighs
Its soul like her in the shade.
The hope in dreams of a happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower
That blooms on a leafless bough.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold,
Inhabit the mountain-herb that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.
The phantom shapes---oh! touch not them---
That appal the murderer's sight,
Lurk in the fleshy mandrake's stem
That shrieks when torn at night.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injured, patient mind,
That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

SONG.

(FROM THE SAME.)

FROM Chindara's warbling fount I come,
Called by that moonlight garland's spell---
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
Where in music morn and night I dwell---
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turned, as it leaves the lips, to song.

Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!
And the passionate strain, that deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through
As the musk-wind over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too.

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
The spirits of past delights obey---
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like genii, hovering round.

And mine is the gentle song that bears
From soul to soul the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon-seed from grove to grove.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure,
The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
When Memory lurks the tone that is gone,
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
And hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near.

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me.
Can as downy soft and as yielding be
As his own white plume, that high amid death
Thro' the field has shone, yet waves with a
breath.

And oh! how the eyes of Beauty glisten
When Music has reach'd her inward soul.
Like the silent stars that wink and listen
While Heaven's eternal melodies roll,
So, hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

AZIM.

(FROM THE SAME.)

THOUGH few his years, the West already
knows
Young Azim's fame:---beyond th' Olympian
snows,
Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek
O'erwhelm'd in fight, and captive to the Greek,
He linger'd there, till peace dissolv'd his
chains:

Oh! who could e'en in bondage, tread the
plains
Of glorious GREECE, nor feel his spirit rise
Kindling within him? who with heart and
eyes,

Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see
The shining footprints of her Deity,
Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,
Which mutely told her spirit had been there?
Not he, that youthful warrior---no, too well
For his soul's quiet, work'd the awakening
Spell;

And now, returning to his own dear land,
Full of those dreams of good that, vainly
grand,

Haunt the young heart;---proud views of hu-
man kind,
Of men to Gods exalted and refin'd;---
False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
Where earth and heav'n but seem alas, to
meet!---

Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was rais'd
To right the nations, and beheld, emblaz'd
On the white flag MOKANNA's host unfurl'd
Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the
World,"

At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
Th' inspiring summons; every chosen blade
That fought beneath that banner's sacred text,
Seem'd doubly edg'd for this world and the
next;

And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bon-
dage bind
Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,

In virtue's cause ; never was soul inspired
With livelier trust in what is most desir'd
Than his, th' enthusiast there, who kneeling
pale

With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,
Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,
Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
And bring its primal glories back again !

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE...A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED.

By Lord Byron.

I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
With not less of sorrow and of awe
On that neglected turf and quiet stone
With name no clearer than the names unknown,

Which lay unread around it ; and I ask'd
The Gard'ner of that ground, why it might be
That for this plant-strangers his memory task'd
Through the thick deaths of half a century ;
And thus he answer'd--"Well, I do not know
"Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so ;
"He died before my days of Sextonship,
"And I had not the digging of this grave."
And is this all ? I thought,---and do we rip
The veil of Immortality ? and crave
I know not what of honour and of light
Through unborn ages to endure this blight ?
So soon and so successful ? As I said,
The Architect of all on which we tread,
For earth is but a tombstone, did essay
To extricate remembrance from the clay,
Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's
thought,

Were it not that all life must end in one,
Of which we are but dreamers ;---as he caught
As't were the twilight of a former Sun,
Thus spoke he,---"I believe the man of whom
"You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
"Was a most famous writer in his day,
"And therefore travellers step from out their
way

"To pay him honour,---and myself whate'er
"Your honour pleases,"---then most pleased I
shook

From out my pocket's avaricious nook
Some certain coins of silver, which as't were
Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
So much but inconveniently ;---Ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones ! all the while,
Because my lonely phrase the truth would tell.
You are the fools not I---for I did dwell
With a deep thought and with a soften'd eye,
On that Old Sexton's natural homily,
In which there was Obscurity and Fame,
The Glory and the Nothing of a Name,

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

Mr. URBAN,

SIMPLE as the following lines may appear, their brevity may induce some person to retain them in his memory. And if so, it may arise at a convenient season to prevent one fit of intemperance : which circumstance would amply repay the writer,

Abstain, O Man ! abstain !---
Medicine, with all its train

Of nausea, cost, and pain,
Is trusted to in vain,
If Men will not abstain !---
On the reverse, 'tis plain
How much they save and gain,
Who fear not to abstain.

April 3, 1817.

From the same.

ODE TO SLEEP.

By J. C. CLARIS, CANTERBURY.

O H Sleep ! and must the only hour
In which my soul is free,
My lonely joy, relentless Power !
Be sacrificed to thee ;
Oh ! turn thy leaden wing,
Nor veil as yet mine eyes ;
For I must taste the Classic spring
Day's hurried course denies.

Go hie to the couch of Pain,
Where anguish'd wretches weep,
And calling on thy name in vain
Unwelcome vigils keep ?
With lib'ral hand thy balm dispense
To soothe the tortur'd breast
Till sweetly ev'ry throbbing sense
Is lapped in downy rest.

And should this fragile frame refuse
To bear me through the night,
Steep me in those delicious dews
That shed a mild delight ;
Oh let me trace the moments o'er
My dawn of being knew,
When all my playful wishes wore
Young Fancy's golden hue.

When lightly ev'ry feeling rose
Unbiass'd, unconfin'd :
As yet unfelt the worst of woes---
The slav'ry of the mind ;---
But if a vision pure as this,
Dull Pow'r, thou canst not bring,
I will not hear a meaner bliss---
Again, avert thy wing !

March, 1817.

From the Panorama.

THE KEEPSAKE.

From a Winter in Canada, by Ann C. Knight.

O H ! know'st thou why, to distance driven,
When Friendship weeps the parting hour,
The simplest gift, that moment given,
Long, long retains a magic power ?

Still, when it meets the musing view,
Can half the theft of time retrieve,
The scenes of former bliss renew,
And bid each dear idea live ?

It boots not if the pencil'd rose
Or sever'd ringlet meet the eye,
Or India's sparkling gems enclose
The talisman of sympathy.

"Keep it ; yes, keep it for my sake ;"
On Fancy's ear still peals the sound,
Nor Time the potent charm shall break,
Nor loose the spell by Nature bound.

Canada.

made this for me